PETER HOGAN STEVE PARKHOUSE

resident alien®

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

RESIDENT ALIEN

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

S.P.

resident alien®

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

WRITER
PETER HOGAN

ARTWORK, COLORS, AND LETTERS
STEVE PARKHOUSE

DARK HORSE BOOKS

PUBLISHER
MIKE RICHARDSON

EDITOR
PHILIP R. SIMON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
MEGAN WALKER

SERIES DESIGNER
JACK THOMAS

COLLECTION DESIGNER
SARAH TERRY

DIGITAL ART TECHNICIAN
CHRISTINA McKENZIE

RESIDENT ALIEN VOLUME 4: THE MAN WITH NO NAME
Text and illustrations of Resident Alien™ ® 2016, 2017 Peter Hogan and Steve Parkhouse. All rights reserved. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume collects issues #1-#4 of the Dark Horse Comics mini-series *Resident Alien: The Man with No Name*, published in 2016.

Published by
Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

DarkHorse.com

To find a comics shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator Service toll-free at 1-888-266-4226

First edition: April 2017
Digital ISBN 978-1-63008-358-8

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Hogan, Peter, author. | Parkhouse, Steve, illustrator.
Title: Resident alien. Volume 4, The man with no name / writer, Peter Hogan ; artwork, colors, and letters, Steve Parkhouse.
Other titles: Man with no name
Description: First edition. | Milwaukie, OR : Dark Horse Books, 2017. | "This volume collects issues #1-#4 of the Dark Horse Comics miniseries Resident Alien: The Man with No Name, published in 2016"
Identifiers: LCCN 2016049430 | ISBN 9781506701530 (paperback)
Subjects: LCSH: Comic books, strips, etc. | BISAC: COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / General. | COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / Crime & Mystery.
Classification: LCC PN6728.R466 H67 2017 | DDC 741.5/973--dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2016049430

INTRODUCTION

When I'm watching detective shows on TV, very often I'm able to guess the murderer's identity easily, simply because there's no one else it could be and no other plausible reason why that character is included in the first place—but the writers obviously didn't have enough time or space to include any more red herrings.

We sometimes face the same problem with *Resident Alien*, but with this particular story I tried really hard to include more possible suspects, just to keep people guessing. The trouble was, I then kept constantly changing my mind about which one the murderer really was! Eventually I had to just walk away from the story for a few weeks to mull it over. When I came back with my decision, I then rewrote the whole story so that it was consistent with my final choice. Sneaky, huh?

And in this volume I also had to advance Harry's own personal story, reveal a little more of his past, and give him a new friend and confidant to hang out with, in the shape of Asta's dad, Dan Twelvetrees. The two of them will end up becoming such good buddies that in book five they'll be going on a road trip together.

But that's *another* story...

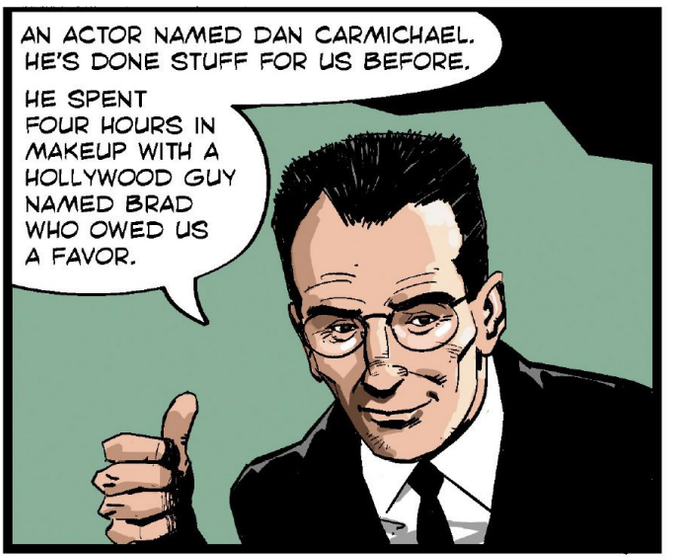
—PETER HOGAN
NOWHERE NEAR HOUSTON, 2016

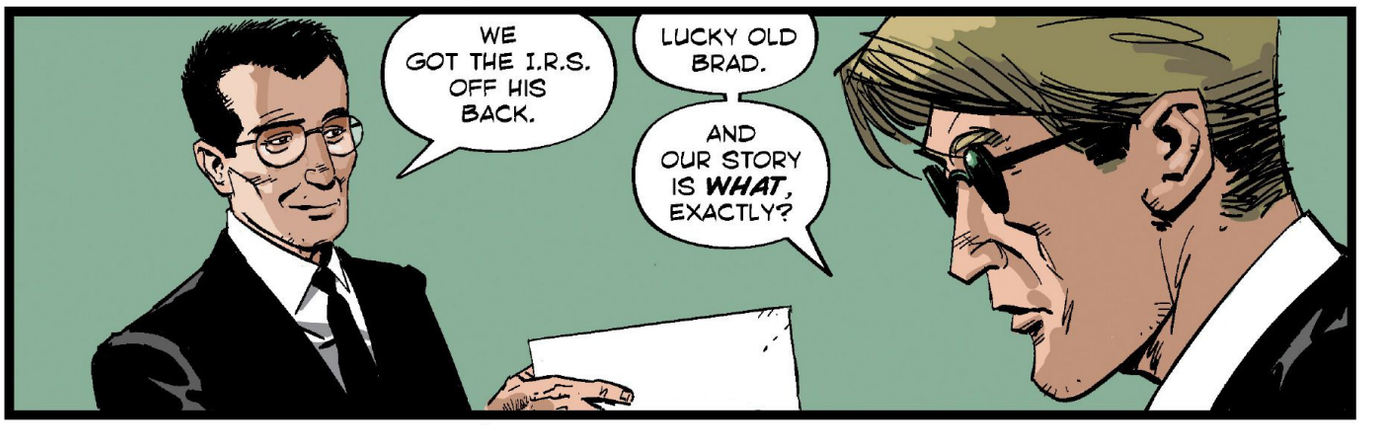
THE STORY SO FAR...

In a town called Patience, Washington, lives a doctor named Harry Vanderspeigle. What nobody in the town realizes is that Harry's actually an alien visitor to our planet who was shipwrecked here a few years ago. Since then, he's been hoping for a rescue that may or may not ever come—and while waiting he attempts to keep himself sane by playing amateur detective and getting to know a few of the locals...

This is the fourth volume of Harry's adventures. The first three volumes are *Welcome to Earth!*, *The Suicide Blonde*, and *The Sam Hain Mystery*.

WE HACKED AND TRACKED THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S COMPUTER, YES?
OF COURSE.
BUT NOTHING ELSE THERE OF INTEREST TO US.
AND THE DISINFORMATION PLAN?
GOT IT RIGHT HERE...
WELL?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?





They came from outta space!

INVASION DAY

WE'VE PREPPED ***SEVERAL*** SCENARIOS. THE FIRST IS A LOW-BUDGET SCI-FI MOVIE.

WE CAN SAY IT WAS A PUBLICITY STUNT OR A SHOOT FOR THE MOVIE...

COSMIC CRUNCHIES
WE FOUND A CEREAL COMPANY THAT'LL PLAY BALL...
THEY'RE OUT OF THIS WORLD!
NO. WAY TOO MESSY.
STICK WITH THE MOVIE.
AND GET A PRESS RELEASE OUT ON THE NET A.S.A.P.
HAVE YOU THOUGHT...WHAT IF ICARUS SEES IT?
CRAP.
OKAY, WE'LL COME BACK TO THIS LATER-- I'M NOT THINKING STRAIGHT AT THE MOMENT.
I'M TRYING TO MONITOR THE SEARCH FOR THE GIRL...
HOW'S THAT GOING?
SLOWLY.
Perseverance
Yellow Bluff
Stockville
TOWN BY TOWN BY TOWN...
Chalice National Forest
Prudence
Patience
WASHINGTON

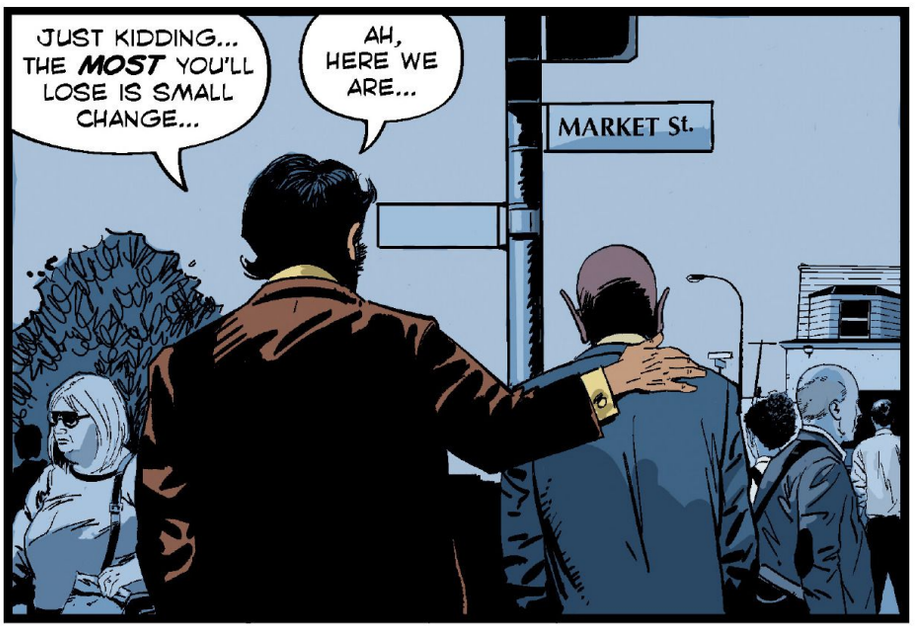
WELCOME TO HELL, HARRY...
PAPERWORK HELL. IF I HAD ANY BRAINS AT ALL, I'D BAIL OUT OF THIS JOB BEFORE THE ELECTION.
HAWTHORNE FOR MAYOR
THEN... YOU DON'T HAVE TIME FOR LUNCH TODAY?
DON'T BE ABSURD.
STILL HAVE TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER, DON'T I?
BUT WE HAVE TO GO BY WAY OF MARKET STREET.
WHY MARKET STREET?
OH, WE'VE HAD A FEW COMPLAINTS FROM THE LOCALS ABOUT A BAD SMELL DOWN THERE, SO I NEED TO CHECK IT OUT.

NICE DAY FOR A WALK, ANYWAY.
HEARD YOU MIGHT BE JOINING US FOR POKER TONIGHT. THAT RIGHT?

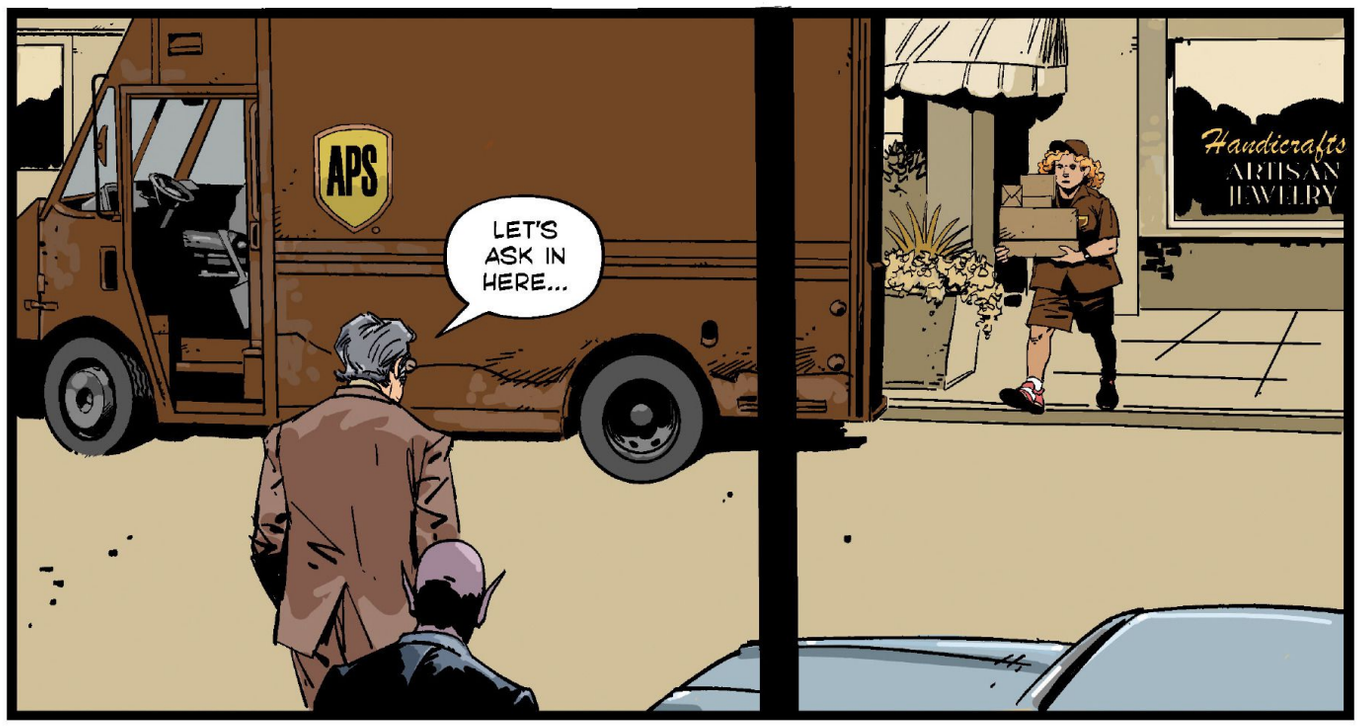
YES, MIKE TALKED ME INTO IT.
YOU ANY GOOD?

ACTUALLY, THIS WILL BE MY FIRST TIME.
I'VE NEVER PLAYED BEFORE.

OH, THIS'LL BE FUN.
JUST MAKE SURE YOU BRING YOUR WALLET ALONG, SO WE CAN CLEAN IT OUT FOR YOU.

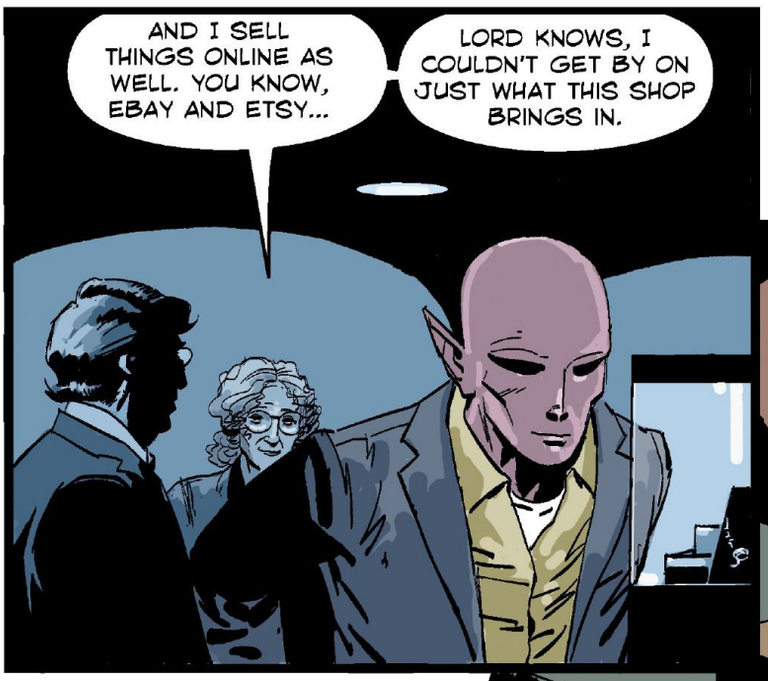

JUST KIDDING... THE MOST YOU'LL LOSE IS SMALL CHANGE...
AH, HERE WE ARE...
MARKET St.

I CAN'T SMELL ANYTHING.
NO. ME NEITHER.


APS
LET'S ASK IN HERE...
Handicrafts
ARTISAN JEWELRY

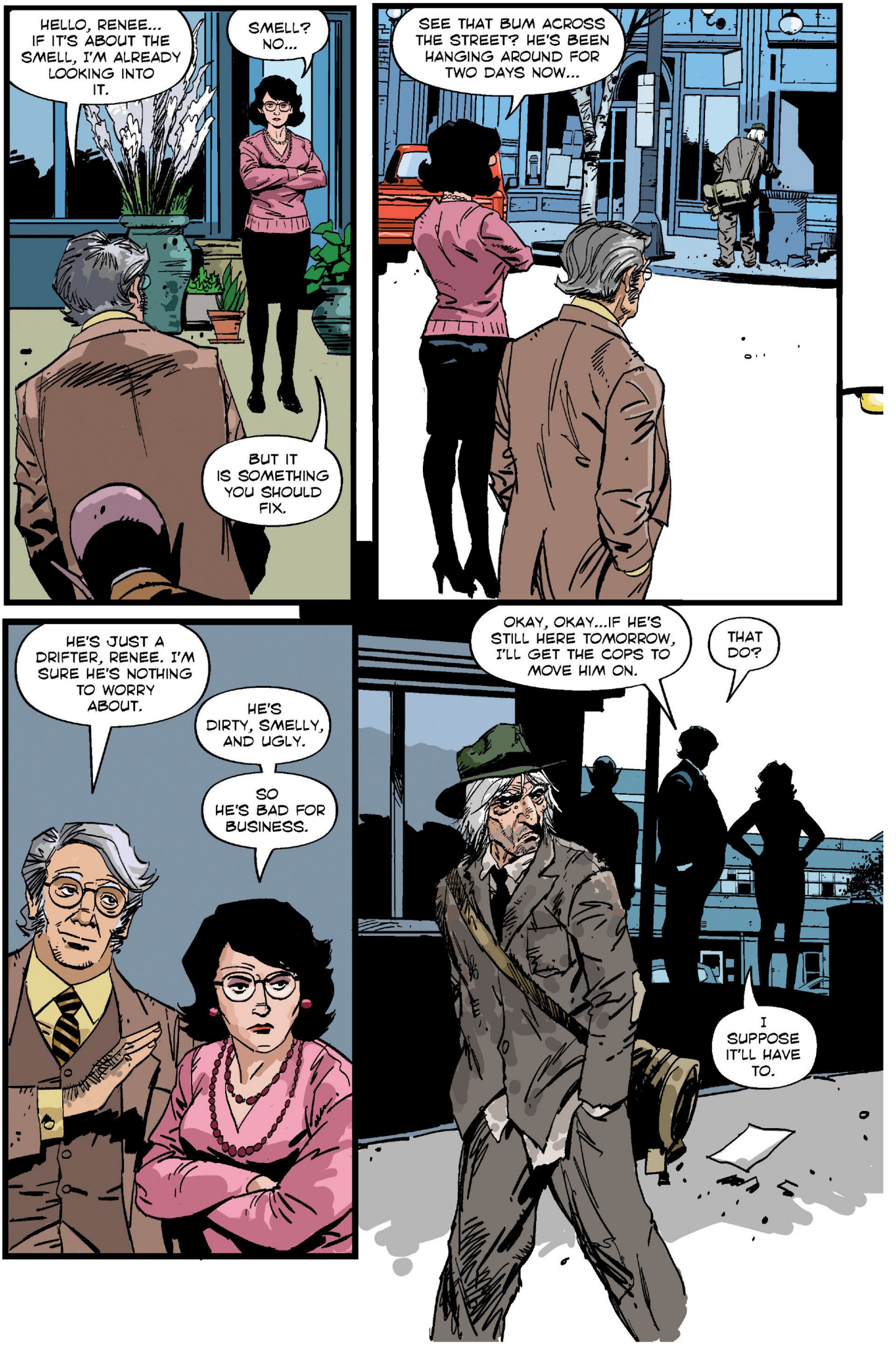
LOTS OF PACKAGES YOU'RE SHIPPING OUT THERE, ALICE.
THINGS ARE GOOD?

OH, I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR.
BUT A COUPLE OF STORES ON THE COAST ARE STOCKING MY JEWELRY NOW...


AND I SELL THINGS ONLINE AS WELL. YOU KNOW, EBAY AND ETSY...
LORD KNOWS, I COULDN'T GET BY ON JUST WHAT THIS SHOP BRINGS IN.

I SUPPOSE THIS SMELL BUSINESS DOESN'T HELP...
OH, YES. I HEARD ABOUT THAT...
CAN'T SAY I'VE SMELLED IT MYSELF, THOUGH.

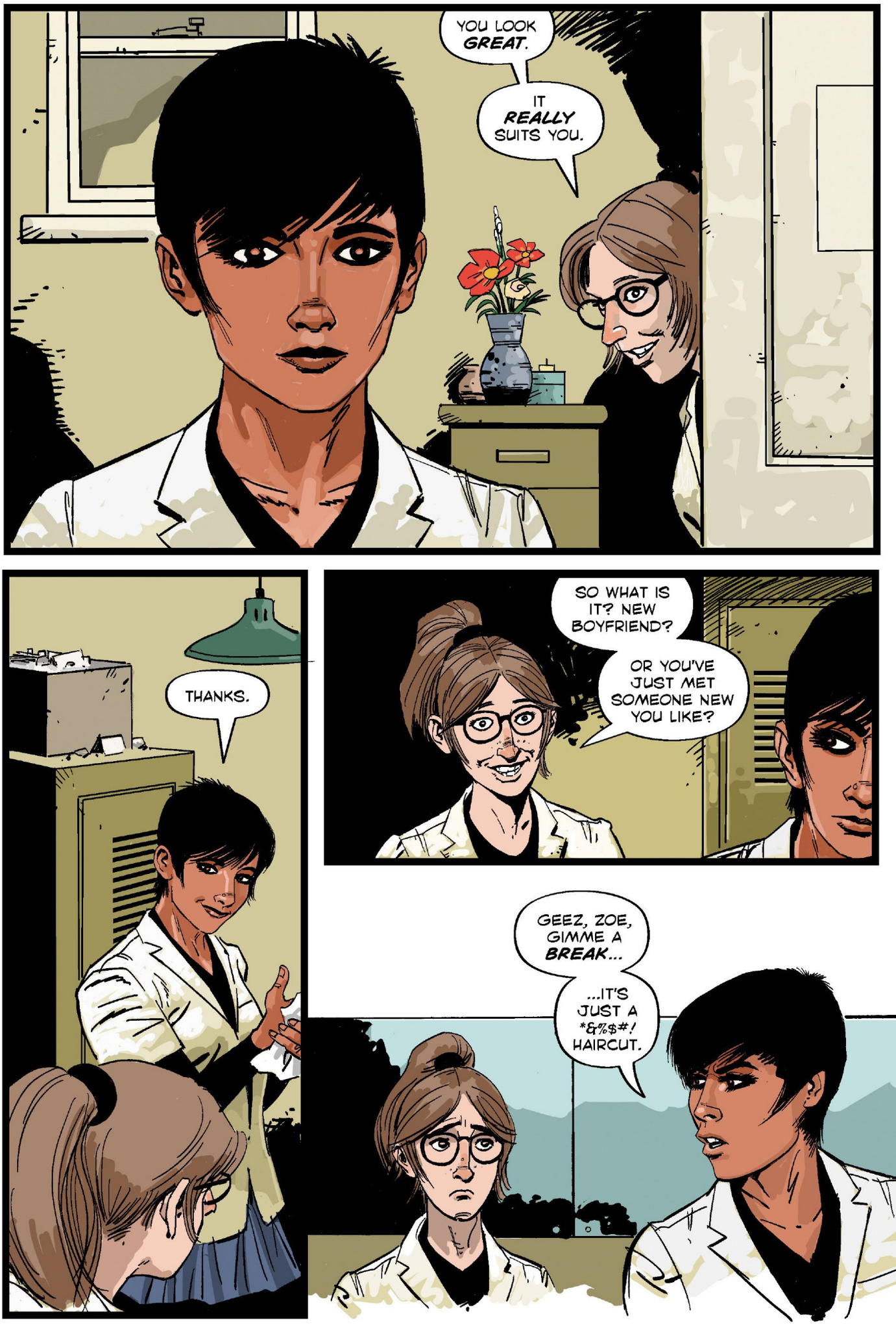
MAYBE THE SMELL JUST WENT AWAY.
OR MAYBE SHE JUST HAS NO SENSE OF SMELL. LET'S ASK AROUND.
SURE, I'VE SMELLED IT.
LIKE ROTTEN EGGS. WHAT IS THAT, SULFUR?
STRONG SMELL. CAT PEE, I'D SAY...LIKE SOMEONE BOILING CAT PEE...
...NOT ALL THE TIME, THOUGH.
AMMONIA, I THINK...
...SOME KIND OF CHEMICAL DISINFECTANT, ANYWAY.
YOU THINK IT'S THE DRAINS?
BEATS ME. THIS IS ONE FOR THE ENVIRONMENTAL PEOPLE.
OH, MR. MAYOR...?


HELLO, RENEE... IF IT'S ABOUT THE SMELL, I'M ALREADY LOOKING INTO IT.
SMELL? NO...
BUT IT IS SOMETHING YOU SHOULD FIX.
SEE THAT BUM ACROSS THE STREET? HE'S BEEN HANGING AROUND FOR TWO DAYS NOW...
HE'S JUST A DRIFTER, RENEE. I'M SURE HE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
HE'S DIRTY, SMELLY, AND UGLY.
SO HE'S BAD FOR BUSINESS.
OKAY, OKAY...IF HE'S STILL HERE TOMORROW, I'LL GET THE COPS TO MOVE HIM ON.
THAT DO?
I SUPPOSE IT'LL HAVE TO.

WHAT'D THE TREASURY GUY WANT, CHIEF?
POLICE
SAID HE WAS HUNTING COUNTER-FEITERS.
WANTED TO KNOW IF I COULD IDENTIFY A GIRL IN A PHOTO...
BUT IF HE'S FROM THE TREASURY, I'M OBAMA.
THAT GUY'S SOME KIND OF SPOOK... MAYBE EVEN MILITARY SPOOK...
...I HATE THOSE GUYS.
HOW CAN Y'TELL?
JUST A HUNCH. DESERT STORM, I SAW SOME BAD STUFF...
...AND SOME BAD PEOPLE.

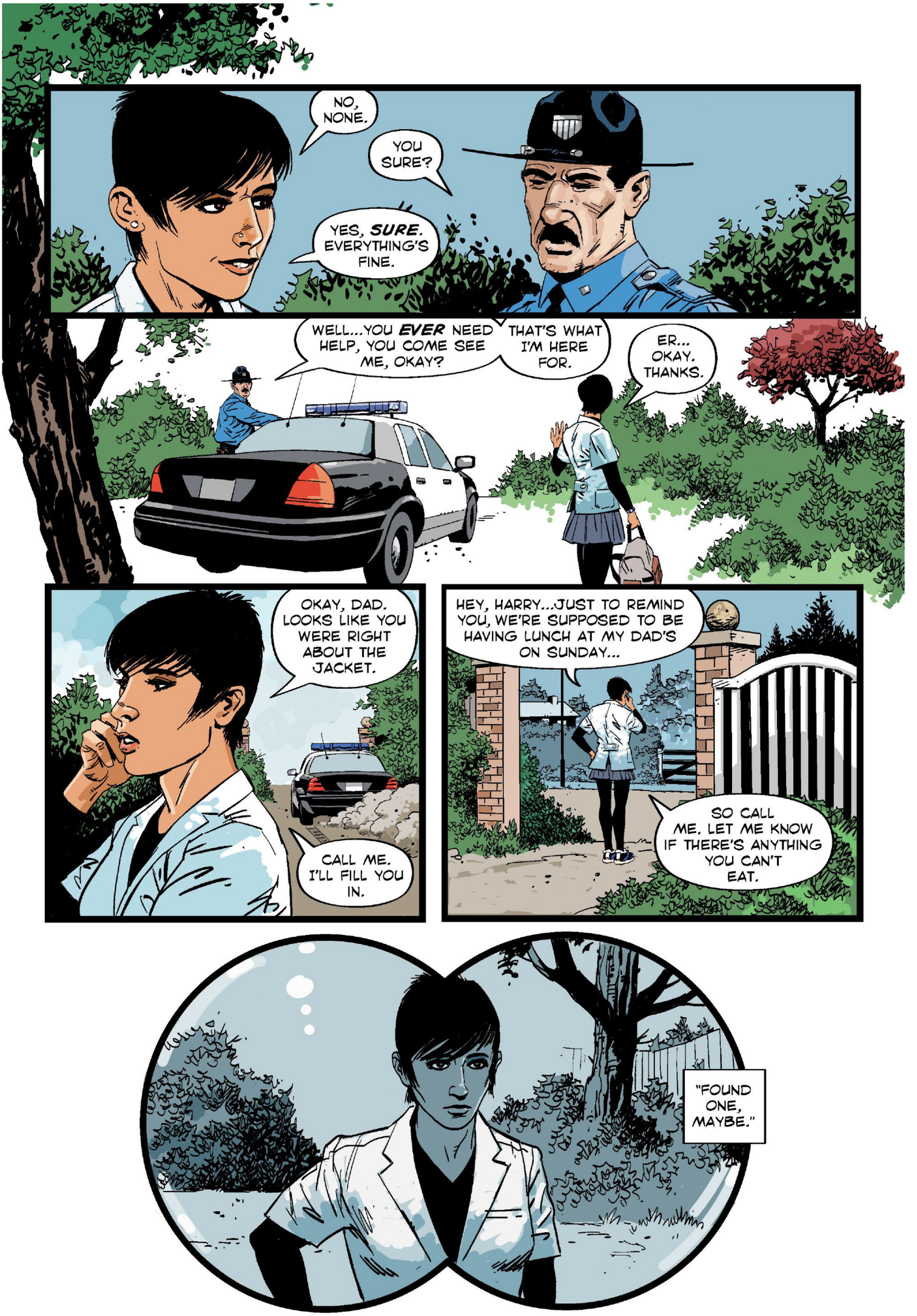
THIS THE GIRL?
UH-HUH.
KINDA LOOKS A BIT LIKE ASTA TWELVETREES, DON'T SHE?
PRETTY SURE ASTA'S GOT A JACKET LIKE THAT, TOO.
LET ME SEE THAT AGAIN.
DAMN.

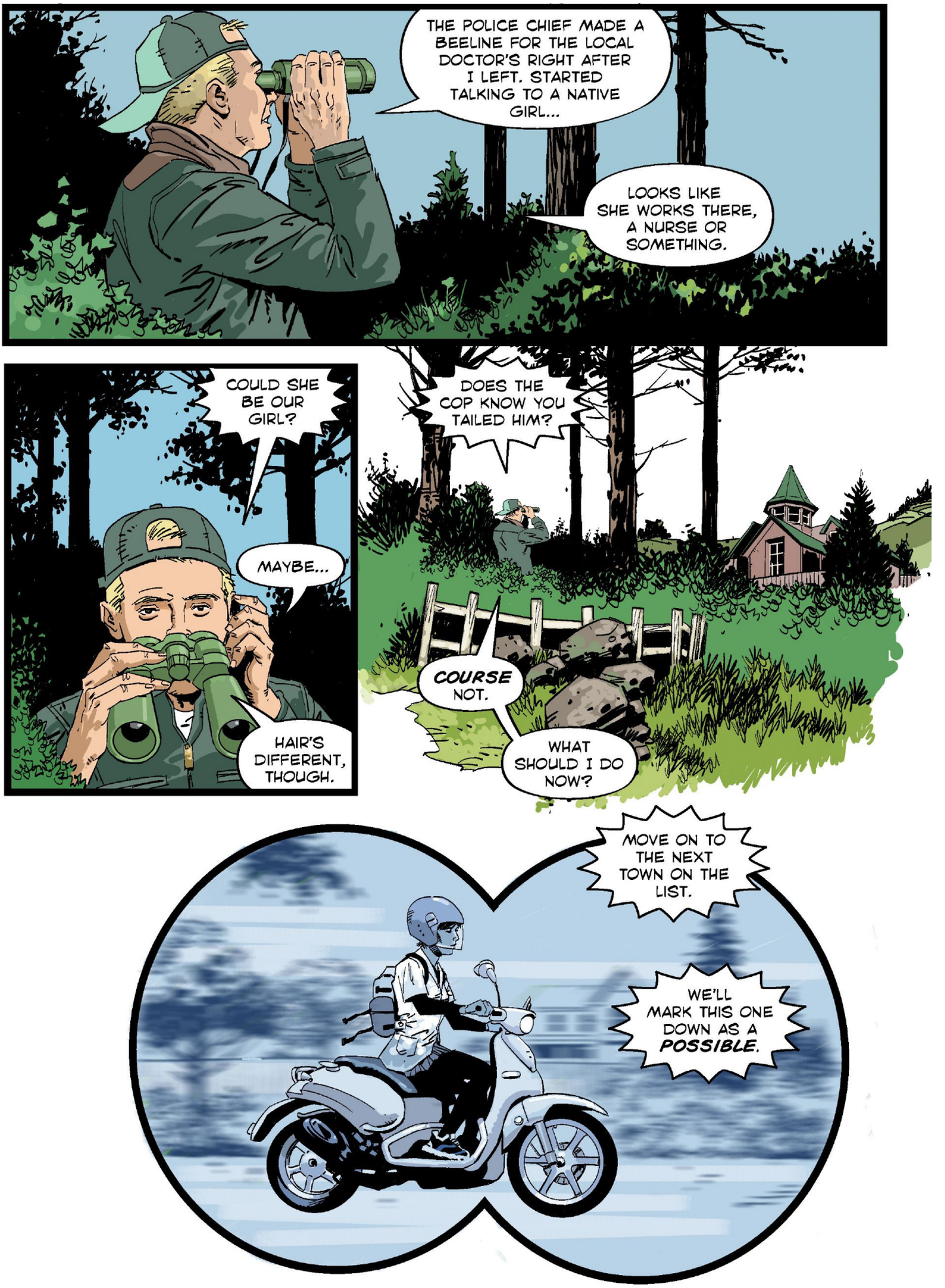
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A WORD WITH HER, SEE IF SHE'S GOT HERSELF INTO SOME KIND OF TROUBLE.
WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HER BACKGROUND? RAISED BY HER GRANDMA, RIGHT?
YEAH, HER MOM TOOK OFF WHEN SHE WAS JUST A KID...
...AND YOU KNOW ABOUT HER DAD?
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
THEY SAY HE'S SOME KINDA INJUN HOLY MAN.
TALKS TO ANIMALS 'N' &**%$@ LIKE THAT.
AGAIN, DAMN.
I REALLY HOPE THIS ISN'T SOME KIND OF NATIVE-RIGHTS THING.


YOU LOOK GREAT.
IT REALLY SUITS YOU.
THANKS.
SO WHAT IS IT? NEW BOYFRIEND?
OR YOU'VE JUST MET SOMEONE NEW YOU LIKE?
GEEZ, ZOE, GIMME A BREAK...
...IT'S JUST A *&%$#! HAIRCUT.

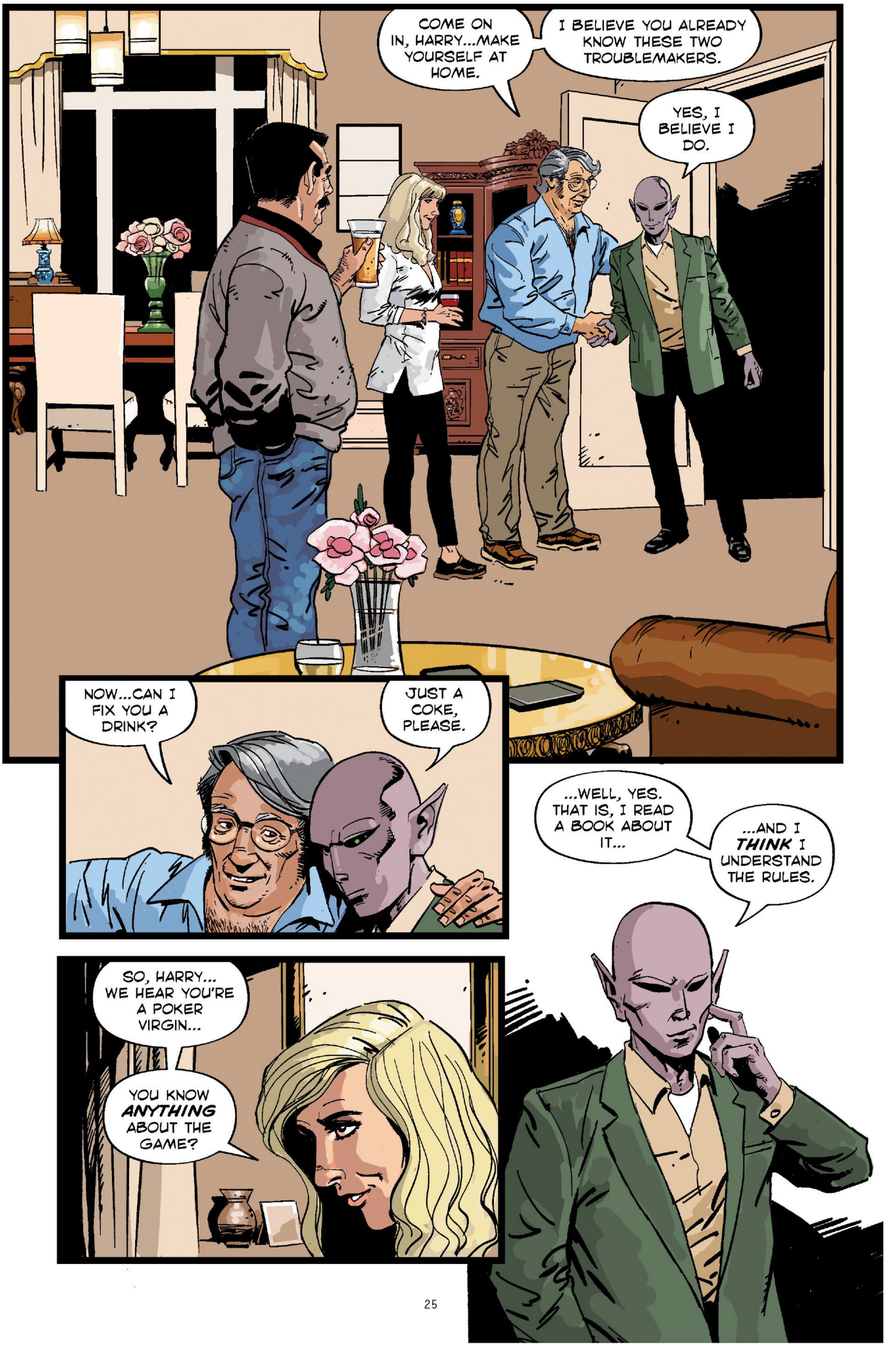
I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET YOU...
...I'M SORRY.
S'OKAY.
JUST GOT P.M.S.--DON'T SWEAT IT.
PRETTY QUIET TODAY, HUH?
YEAH, THE CALM BEFORE THE FRIDAY-NIGHT STORM.
OKAY, I'M TAKING OFF NOW.
SURE, NO PROBLEMO.
SEE YA.
HEY, CHIEF...
HOW'S IT GOING?

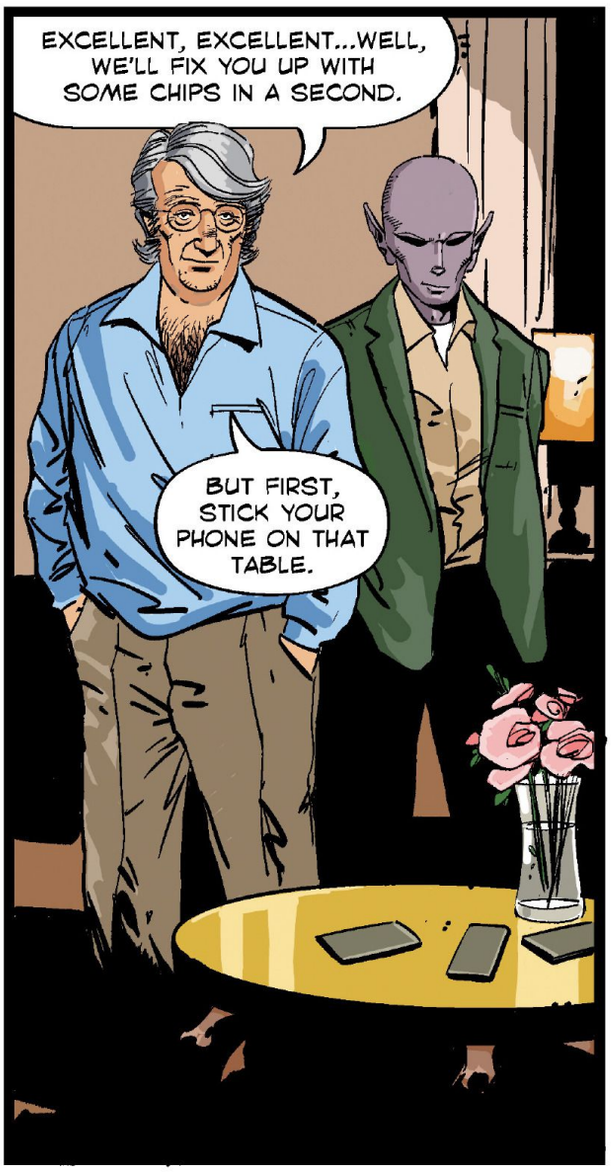
HAD A MAN COME SEE ME.
SHOWED ME THIS.
ASTA, IS THAT GIRL YOU?
NOPE.
CHIEF, IT LOOKS NOTHING LIKE ME.
DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A COUNTERFEITING GANG, EITHER?
WHAT?
NO, OF COURSE NOT.
OKAY, OKAY...
ASTA, IS EVERYTHING OKAY WITH YOU THESE DAYS? YOU'RE NOT IN ANY KIND OF TROUBLE, ARE YOU?

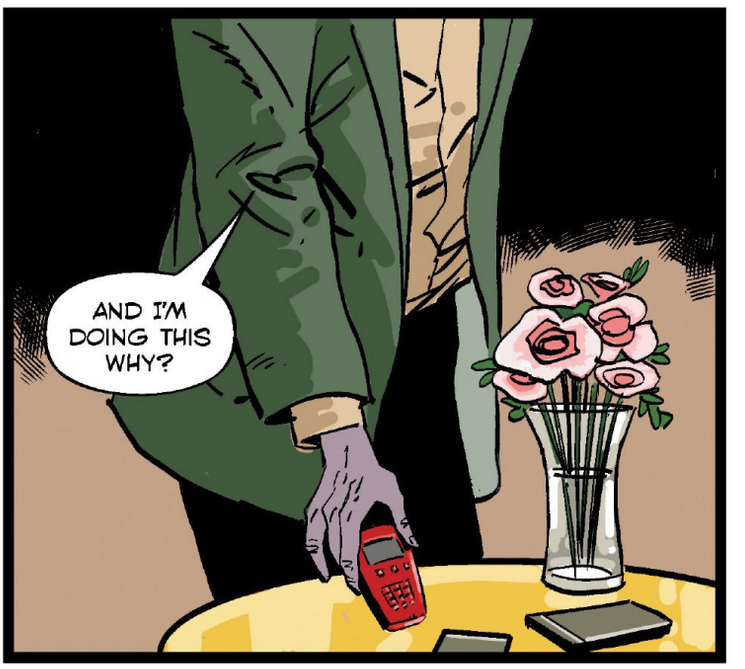

NO, NONE.
YOU SURE?
YES, SURE. EVERYTHING'S FINE.
WELL...YOU EVER NEED HELP, YOU COME SEE ME, OKAY?
THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR.
ER... OKAY. THANKS.
OKAY, DAD. LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE JACKET.
CALL ME. I'LL FILL YOU IN.
HEY, HARRY...JUST TO REMIND YOU, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HAVING LUNCH AT MY DAD'S ON SUNDAY...
SO CALL ME. LET ME KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU CAN'T EAT.
"FOUND ONE, MAYBE."

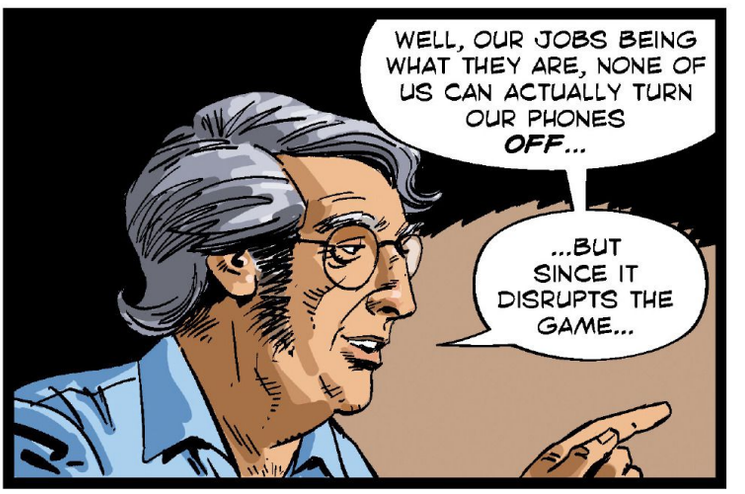

THE POLICE CHIEF MADE A BEELINE FOR THE LOCAL DOCTOR'S RIGHT AFTER I LEFT. STARTED TALKING TO A NATIVE GIRL...
LOOKS LIKE SHE WORKS THERE, A NURSE OR SOMETHING.
COULD SHE BE OUR GIRL?
MAYBE...
HAIR'S DIFFERENT, THOUGH.
DOES THE COP KNOW YOU TAILED HIM?
COURSE NOT.
WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?
MOVE ON TO THE NEXT TOWN ON THE LIST.
WE'LL MARK THIS ONE DOWN AS A POSSIBLE.

Martha's Arts
G'NIGHT, ALICE...
...HAVE A GOOD ONE.
A D.V.D. AND A MICROWAVE MEAL--THAT'S ABOUT AS GOOD AS IT GETS.
ME, I'VE GOT YOGA CLASS. DON'T YOU JUST LOVE BEING SINGLE?
SEE YA TOMORROW.

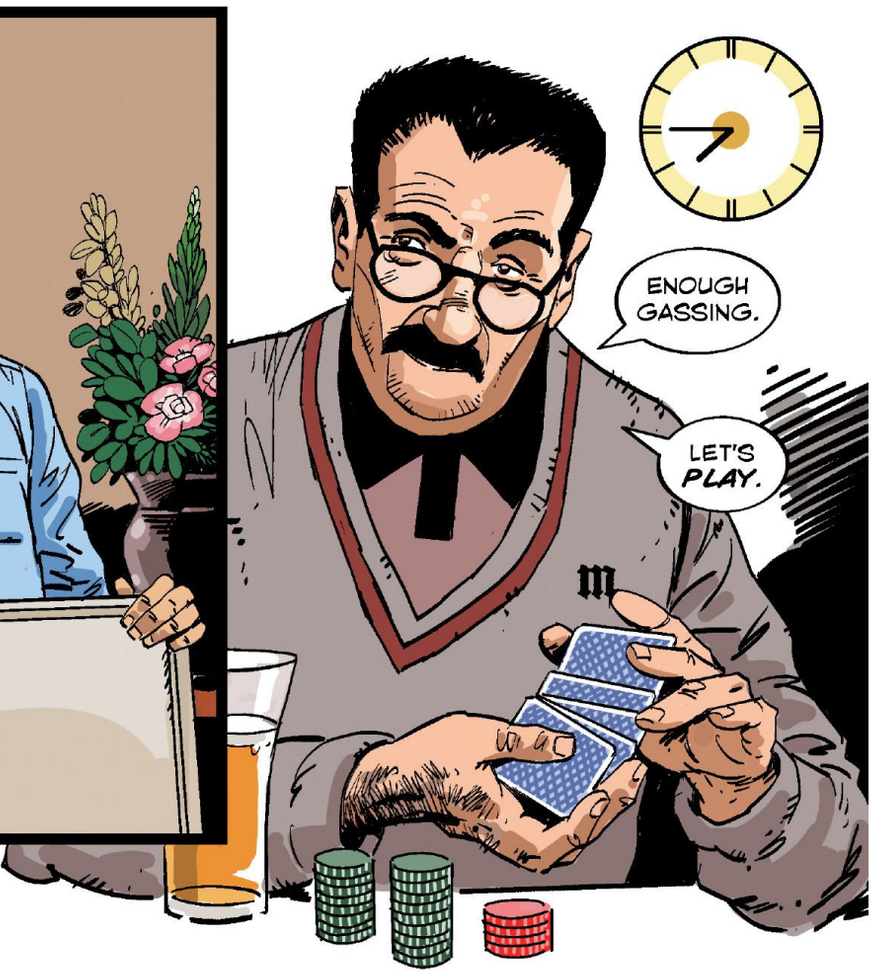

COME ON IN, HARRY...MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.
I BELIEVE YOU ALREADY KNOW THESE TWO TROUBLEMAKERS.
YES, I BELIEVE I DO.
NOW...CAN I FIX YOU A DRINK?
JUST A COKE, PLEASE.
...WELL, YES. THAT IS, I READ A BOOK ABOUT IT...
...AND I THINK I UNDERSTAND THE RULES.
SO, HARRY... WE HEAR YOU'RE A POKER VIRGIN...
YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE GAME?


EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT...WELL, WE'LL FIX YOU UP WITH SOME CHIPS IN A SECOND.
BUT FIRST, STICK YOUR PHONE ON THAT TABLE.


AND I'M DOING THIS WHY?

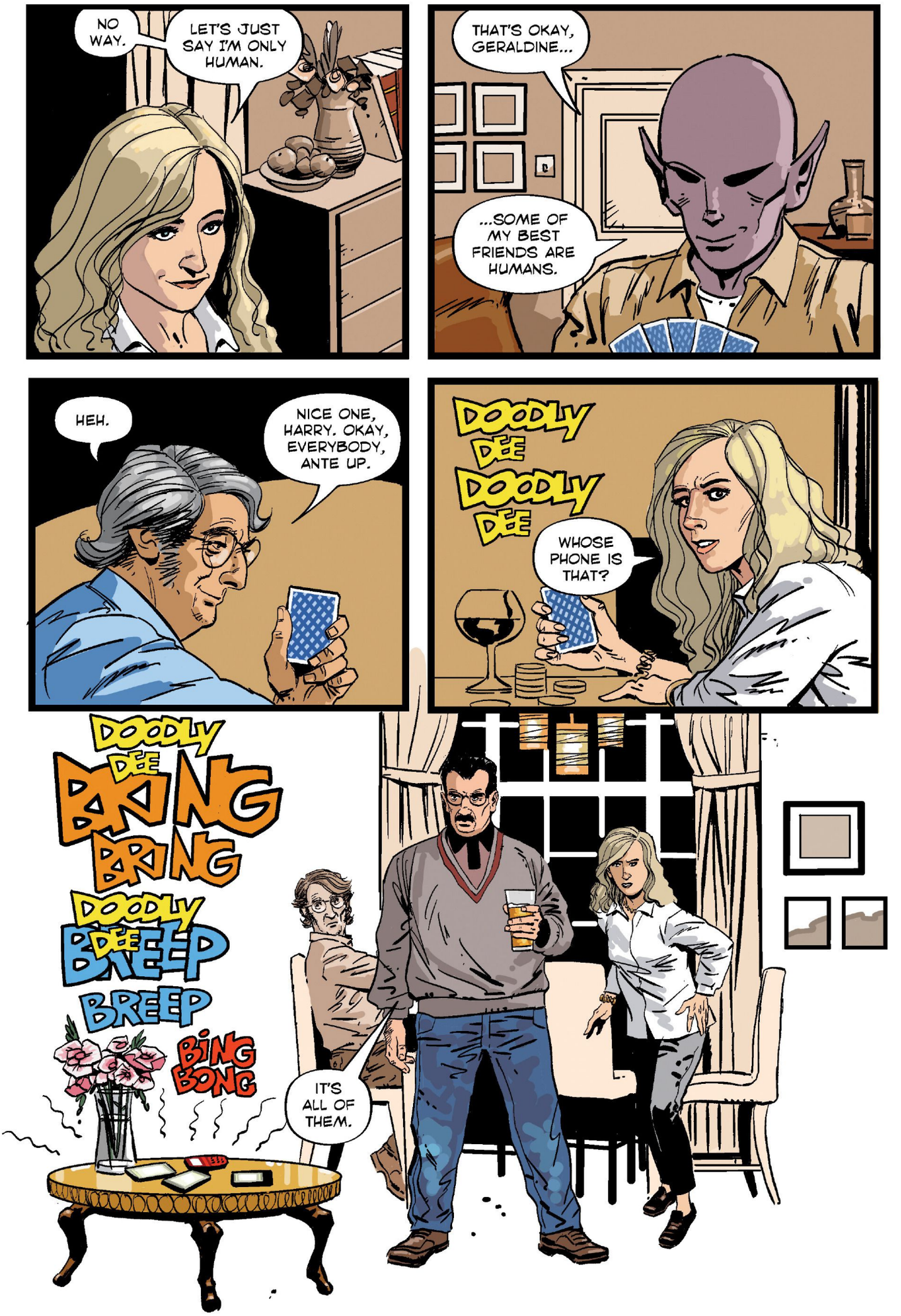

WELL, OUR JOBS BEING WHAT THEY ARE, NONE OF US CAN ACTUALLY TURN OUR PHONES *OFF*...
...BUT SINCE IT DISRUPTS THE GAME...

...IF YOU ANSWER WHEN IT RINGS, YOU HAVE TO PUT A TWENTY-BUCK FINE IN THE POT.
OH, OKAY.


ENOUGH GASSING.
LET'S *PLAY*.

READ 'EM AND SOB, BOYS.
I DON'T THINK SO, GERALDINE.
DOESN'T A FULL HOUSE BEAT A FLUSH?
FOR SOMEONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE A BEGINNER AT THIS GAME...
...YOU'VE TURNED OUT TO BE A PRETTY SHARP PLAYER, HARRY.
BEGINNER'S LUCK, THAT'S ALL.
PLUS THE FACT THAT I CAN TELL WHEN ANY OF YOU ARE BLUFFING.
IF I WAS UNSCRUPULOUS, I COULD PROBABLY TAKE ALL OF YOU FOR EVERY DIME YOU HAD.
THAT "SMALL CHANGE" CERTAINLY MOUNTS UP, DOESN'T IT?

MY FRIENDS, IT'S NO MORE THAN WE DESERVE FOR PLAYING POKER WITH SOMEBODY NAMED "DOC."
WE JUST BROKE ONE OF NELSON ALGREN'S RULES FOR A HAPPY LIFE.
YEAH? HE HAVE ANY OTHER PIECES OF USEFUL ADVICE?
IT'S YOUR DEAL, MIKE.
TWO THAT I CAN RECALL...
...THE FIRST BEING TO NEVER EAT AT ANY RESTAURANT CALLED "MOM'S PLACE."
DONE THAT ONE, TO MY COST.
STOMACH STILL AIN'T RIGHT.
AND THE OTHER ONE WAS TO NEVER SLEEP WITH ANYONE WHO HAS MORE PROBLEMS THAN YOU DO.
HA! I THINK YOU'VE JUST DESCRIBED MY ENTIRE LOVE LIFE.
DETAILS, PLEASE.

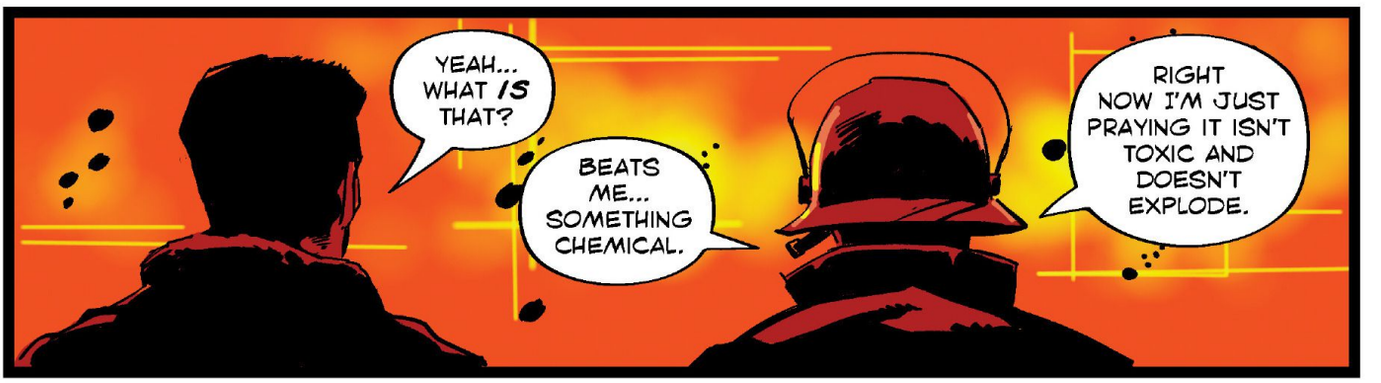

NO WAY.
LET'S JUST SAY I'M ONLY HUMAN.
THAT'S OKAY, GERALDINE...
...SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE HUMANS.
HEH.
NICE ONE, HARRY. OKAY, EVERYBODY, ANTE UP.
DOODLY DÉE DOODLY DÉE
WHOSE PHONE IS THAT?
DOODLY DÉE BRING BRING DOODLY DÉE BREEP BREEP BING BONG
IT'S ALL OF THEM.

YEAH, I SEE IT ...LOOKS LIKE A BIG ONE.
I'M ON MY WAY.
ELLEN?
THERE'S A FIRE IN TOWN... BETTER SEND THE AMBULANCE DOWN, JUST IN CASE.
JUST A SEC...
MIKE, WHERE'S THE FIRE?
MARKET STREET.
SEE YOU THERE.

MOVE THOSE BARRICADES BACK.

DOUG...
...HOW'S IT LOOKING?
BAD.

THIS THING'S FIERCE. WE'RE JUST NOT MAKING ANY IMPACT ON IT.
PLUS, YOU SMELL IT?


YEAH... WHAT IS THAT?
BEATS ME... SOMETHING CHEMICAL.
RIGHT NOW I'M JUST PRAYING IT ISN'T TOXIC AND DOESN'T EXPLODE.

CHIEF!
B-TEAM'S COMING OUT FROM THE BACK...LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT WOUNDED.
HARRY! OVER HERE!
YOU'RE NEEDED!

I'M COMING WITH YOU.
DOC!
YOUR BAG.
SHOULD I BRING THE AMBULANCE OVER?
YES, YOU'D BETTER...
...WE MAY WELL NEED IT.
HOW IS HE?
SOME MINOR BURNS... PULSE IS WEAK, AND SO'S HIS BREATHING.
HE'S GOT A HEAD WOUND AS WELL.
WE FOUND HIM SPRAWLED OUT ON THE BACK STAIRS. COULD BE HE GOT KNOCKED OUT WHEN THE CEILING COLLAPSED.
OR ELSE THE SMOKE GOT HIM.

IT'S OKAY...
BREATHE SLOW. YOU'LL BE FINE.
KOFF

BERT?
HERE.
IS ELLEN BRINGING THE AMBULANCE?
SHE'LL BE HERE ANY SECOND.

EASY... TAKE IT EASY.
NO... KEEP THE MASK ON...
NO.

MY DAUGHTER...
...CALL... PLEASE...

DOC? YOU OKAY?
YES.
BUT HE'S GONE.
HE SAY ANYTHING?
YES.
HE ASKED ME TO CONTACT HIS DAUGHTER.

ANYBODY RECOGNIZE HIM?
HE'S A DRIFTER. I SAW HIM ON THE STREET HERE EARLIER TODAY...
...I WAS GOING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MOVING HIM ON, ACTUALLY.

WELL, HE'S GONE NOW.
DAMN. NO WALLET. NO I.D. OF ANY KIND.

COULD BE YOU'LL HAVE SOME PROBLEMS TRACKING DOWN THAT DAUGHTER, HARRY.
WELL, I HAVE TO TRY. HE ASKED ME, AND...

...I JUST HAVE TO, THAT'S ALL. HE WAS RELYING ON ME.
ISN'T THERE ANY WAY OF FINDING OUT WHO HE WAS?
SURE.
FINGERPRINTS, IF WE GET LUCKY... MAYBE DENTAL RECORDS TOO, BUT...IT ALL TAKES TIME. THREE WEEKS FOR THE TEETH, MAYBE LONGER.
THEN LET'S GET HIM OVER TO THE CORONER'S OFFICE, AND AT LEAST SET ALL THE RIGHT WHEELS IN MOTION.
BERT, CAN YOU GIVE US A HAND?
ER... OKAY...

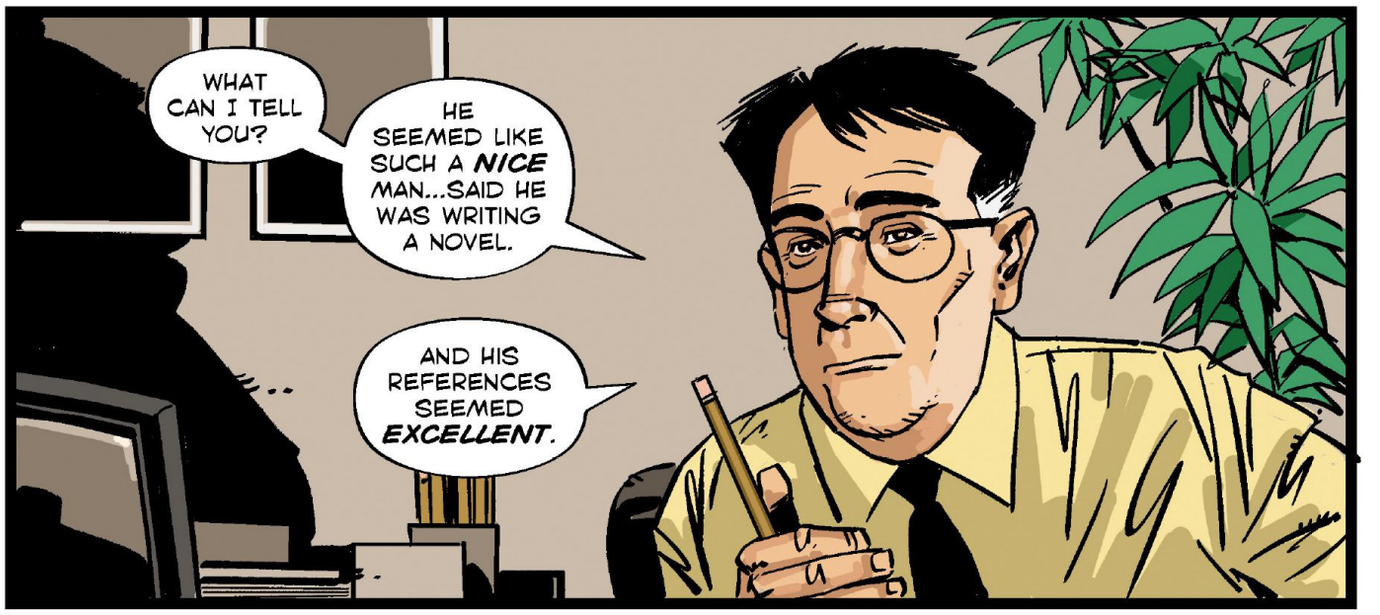
WHAT THE HELL?

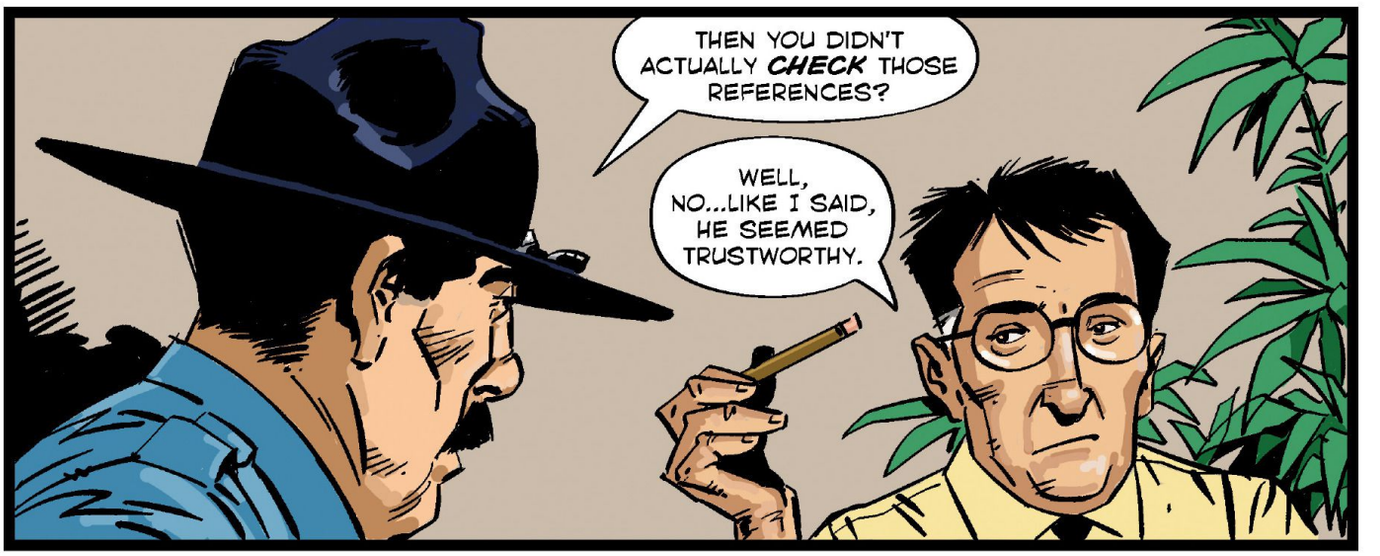
IT'S STUFF WE FOUND ON THE STAIRS, FALLEN THROUGH FROM THE UPPER FLOORS.
MOSTLY BROKEN GLASS... BUT IT LOOKS KINDA LIKE LAB EQUIPMENT TO ME.

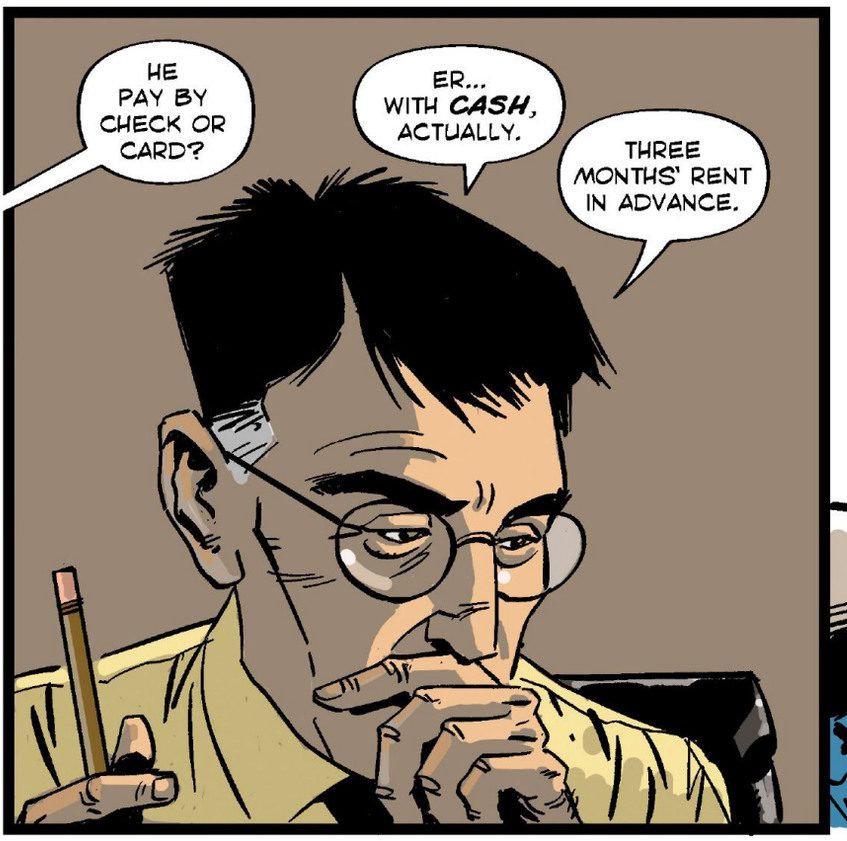
THEN THERE'S THIS STUFF...
I'M NO EXPERT, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THIS IS CRYSTAL METH.
HUNDREDS OF THESE PILLS IN THERE, TOO.
THEY'RE ALL OVER THE JOINT.
THE PILLS, WHO KNOWS? COULD BE ANYTHING...
BUT WE ALSO FOUND A CRATE OF THESE BOTTLES. MOST OF 'EM ARE BROKEN, BUT THE LABEL SAYS "MOLLY."
THAT'S LIKE E, ISN'T IT?
Molly
I BELIEVE SO...
...SO YOU'RE SAYING THAT PLACE WAS...
SOME KIND OF DRUG FACTORY, YEAH.
"WHICH EXPLAINS WHY IT'S STILL BURNING."

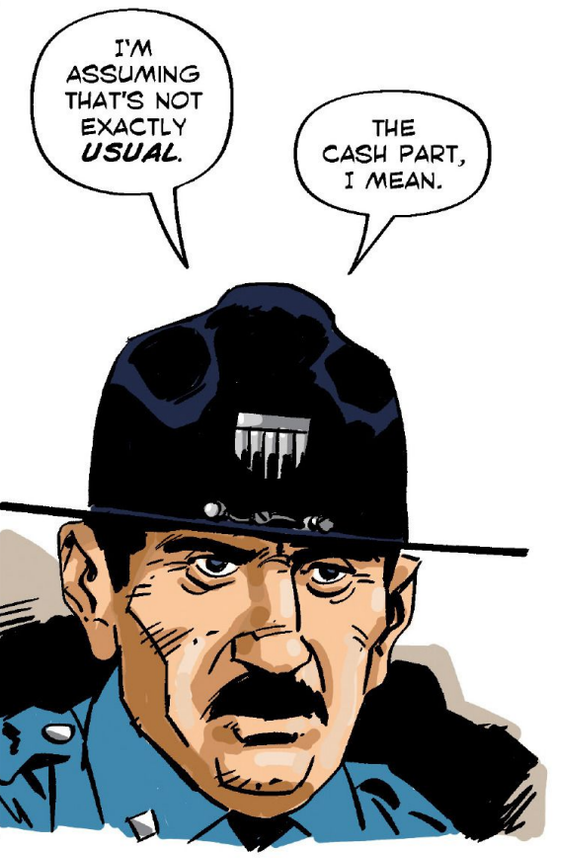
THAT'S IT...
I'M RUINED.
OH, IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD.
YOU HAD INSURANCE, RIGHT?
YES, OF COURSE...BUT THEY'LL TAKE MONTHS TO SETTLE.
AND MEANWHILE I'VE GOT NOWHERE TO MAKE JEWELRY, NO EQUIPMENT TO MAKE IT WITH, AND NOWHERE TO SELL IT WHEN IT'S DONE.
SO I'LL HAVE NO INCOME AT ALL.
I'LL HAVE TO MOVE BACK TO MY MOTHER'S PLACE IN *$#*ING PASADENA.
OH, YOU POOR THING.

POWER'S BACK ON, LADIES.
ALICE, COME OVER HERE. SOME HERBAL TEA WILL PUT EVERYTHING TO RIGHTS, YOU'LL SEE.
YOU COULD STAY HERE IN PATIENCE, YOU KNOW.
I MEAN, THERE ARE PLENTY OF VACANT SHOPS IN TOWN. I'M SURE SOMEONE WOULD GIVE YOU A GOOD DEAL. AND YOU COULD BUY NEW EQUIPMENT ON CREDIT.
EDITH'S RIGHT, ALICE. NOW'S NOT THE TIME TO QUIT.
YOU'VE HAD SOME BAD LUCK, THAT'S ALL. YOU CAN BEAT THIS.
YOU... REALLY THINK SO?
WHY NOT? YOU MAKE GOOD JEWELRY.
HEY, MAYBE YOU COULD EVEN SUE YOUR LANDLORDS, OR THEIR AGENTS.
I MEAN, THEY LEASED THE PLACE ABOVE YOU TO A DRUG LAB.
I SUPPOSE...I COULD TALK TO A LAWYER ABOUT IT.
SEE? THERE'S A BRIGHT SIDE TO EVERY-THING.


WHAT CAN I TELL YOU?
HE SEEMED LIKE SUCH A NICE MAN...SAID HE WAS WRITING A NOVEL.
AND HIS REFERENCES SEEMED EXCELLENT.


THEN YOU DIDN'T ACTUALLY CHECK THOSE REFERENCES?
WELL, NO...LIKE I SAID, HE SEEMED TRUSTWORTHY.


HE PAY BY CHECK OR CARD?
ER... WITH CASH, ACTUALLY.
THREE MONTHS' RENT IN ADVANCE.


I'M ASSUMING THAT'S NOT EXACTLY USUAL.
THE CASH PART, I MEAN.

WELL, NO, BUT...IT DOES HAPPEN FROM TIME TO TIME.
SOMETIMES PEOPLE WANT TO HIDE THINGS FROM THE I.R.S....OR THEIR WIVES.
I JUST ASSUMED HE WAS HAVING AN AFFAIR...NEEDED A LOVE NEST, IF YOU LIKE...
...AND WANTED TO BE DISCREET ABOUT IT.
HOW OLD WAS HE?
ER... EARLY THIRTIES, I'D SAY.
TALL, SHORT, WHAT?
OH, MEDIUM, I GUESS...
I SUPPOSE YOU WANT A FULL DESCRIPTION?
YEAH, I SUPPOSE I DO.
IN FACT, I SUPPOSE I WANT YOU TO COME DOWN TO THE STATION AND WORK WITH AN ARTIST.
NOW, PLEASE.

NO IDEA, MAN.
HONEST.
SO YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT A NEW DEALER IN TOWN?
NOPE. I TRY AND STAY AWAY FROM THAT WHOLE LIFE, Y'KNOW?
I BEEN CLEAN AND SOBER EVER SINCE DOC HARRY GOT ME INTO THE PROGRAM.
THAT'S JUST GREAT, RUFUS.
BUT IF YOU SHOULD HEAR ANYTHING... MAYBE IN ONE OF YOUR 12-STEP MEETINGS.
HEY, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT I HEAR IN THERE...
I THOUGHT YOU GUYS KNEW THAT.
SORRY, SORRY...IT'S JUST...
...WE'RE DESPERATE FOR A LEAD, RUFUS.
THEN YOU SHOULD TALK TO DOWNLOAD.
DOWNLOAD HEARS EVERYTHING.

WISH I COULD HELP, CHIEF.
I REALLY DO.
BUT AS FAR AS I KNOW, ALL THAT GETS SOLD AROUND HERE IS A LITTLE WEED...
...MOSTLY HOMEGROWN, BUT I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU WHO BY.
WHAT ABOUT ECSTASY? OR MOLLY?
PEOPLE WANT THAT, THEY GENERALLY HEAD FOR THE CITY TO SCORE.
AND CRYSTAL METH?
JACK DANIEL'S OLD TIME
Old No.7 BRAND

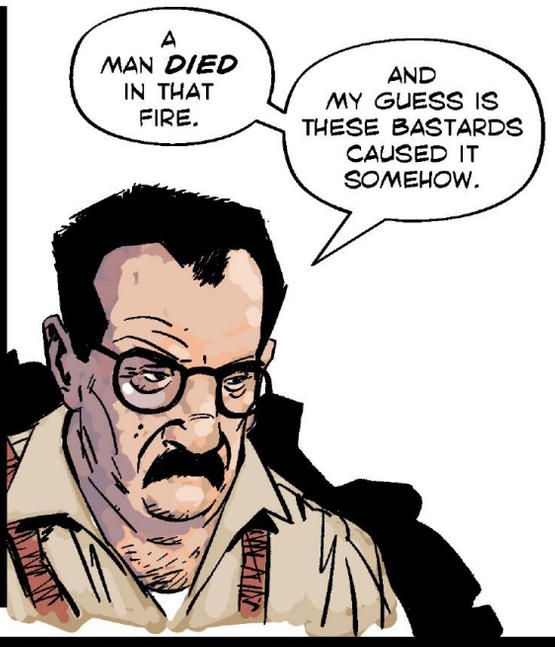
NAH.
I MEAN, I'M SURE THERE ARE SOME METH HEADS OUT THERE MAKING THEIR OWN STUFF, SHAKE 'N' BAKE STYLE...
BUT NO ONE'S DOIN' IT PROFESSIONALLY. I'D HAVE HEARD.

AND IF THEY WERE, I'D PUT 'EM OUT OF BUSINESS.

YOU REALLY WOULD, WOULD YOU?
SURE.
YOU'VE SEEN WHAT IT DOES TO PEOPLE.

YEAH.
HELL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY ANYONE WOULD TOUCH THAT STUFF AFTER THEY'VE SEEN THE BEFORE-AND-AFTER SHOTS.
I JUST CLEARED THE TABLE, IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED.
YOU OWE ME A TEN-SPOT.

ANYWAY, IF SOMEONE WAS MAKING METH HERE, THEY SURE WEREN'T SELLING IT HERE. I'M CERTAIN OF IT.
SO THEY MUST'VE BEEN SHIPPING IT ELSE-WHERE.


A MAN DIED IN THAT FIRE.
AND MY GUESS IS THESE BASTARDS CAUSED IT SOMEHOW.

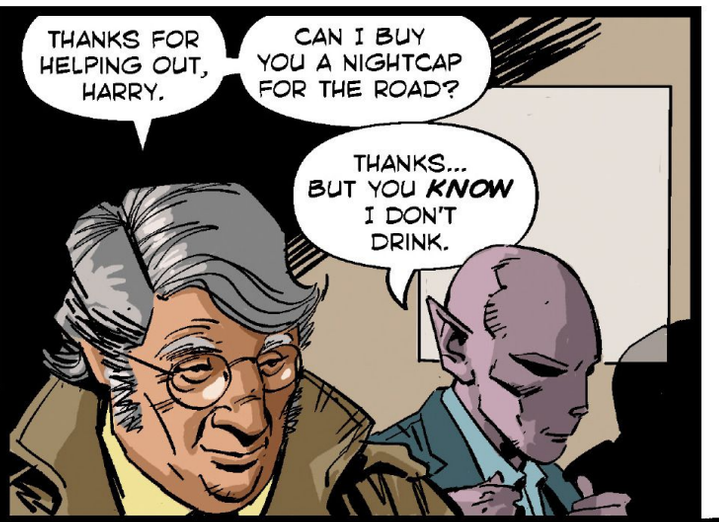
NOT TO MENTION ALL THE OTHER LIVES THEY'VE POISONED WITH THIS GARBAGE.
I WANT THEM STOPPED.

I'VE GOT FEELERS OUT ALREADY.
IF I FIND THEM, THEY'RE YOURS.

GOOD TO KNOW.
AND YOU OWE ME A REMATCH.

OKAY, IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT...I SUPPOSE I SHOULD LET ALL YOU GOOD PEOPLE GO HOME NOW...
...BUT IF ANYONE WANTS TO COME BACK TOMORROW AT TEN, WE'LL HAVE EVEN MORE LEAFLETS TO FOLD!

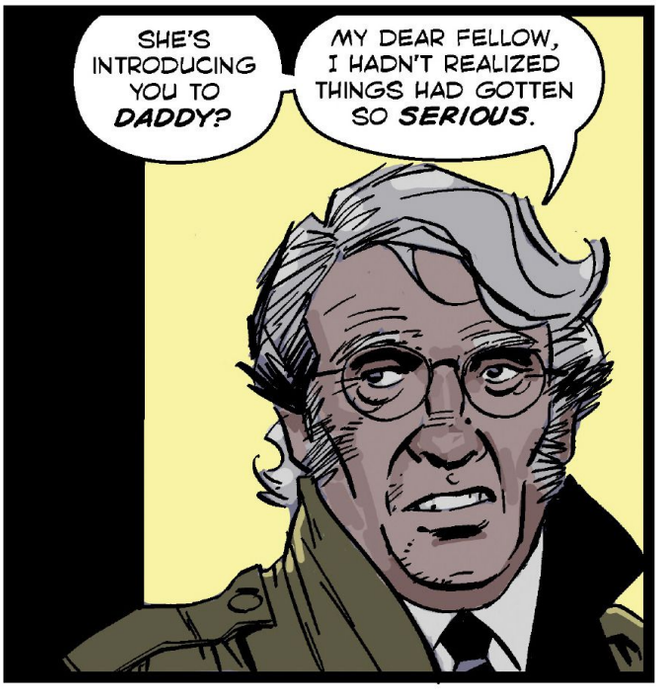
IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE TOWN, PEOPLE.
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.


THANKS FOR HELPING OUT, HARRY.
CAN I BUY YOU A NIGHTCAP FOR THE ROAD?
THANKS... BUT YOU KNOW I DON'T DRINK.

OF COURSE I DO. I MEANT A COFFEE.
OH, A QUICK ONE, THEN.

ANY CHANCE I CAN TEMPT YOU INTO HELPING WITH THE CAMPAIGN AGAIN TOMORROW?
THE ELECTION'S ONLY A WEEK AWAY, YOU KNOW.
SORRY, BUT I HAVE A LUNCH DATE...AND THEN I'LL HAVE TO WORK.

WHO'S THE LUNCH WITH?
ASTA...
...AND HER FATHER.


SHE'S INTRODUCING YOU TO DADDY?
MY DEAR FELLOW, I HADN'T REALIZED THINGS HAD GOTTEN SO SERIOUS.

THINGS? WHAT THINGS?
THERE ARE NO THINGS. WE'RE JUST... FRIENDS.

AH, I UNDERSTAND.
VERY SENSIBLE OF YOU.

DENY EVERYTHING, AND PERHAPS THE RUMORS WILL JUST FADE AWAY.
WILL YOU STOP? THERE ARE NO RUMORS...
...ARE THERE?

HEY, YOU'RE ON TIME.
I'M IMPRESSED.

YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING WITH YOUR HAIR.
IT SUITS YOU.
LOOKS TO ME LIKE THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.

HARRY, THIS IS MY DAD.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. TWELVETREES.

NO, IT'S JUST DAN.
YOU PREFER HARRY OR DOC?

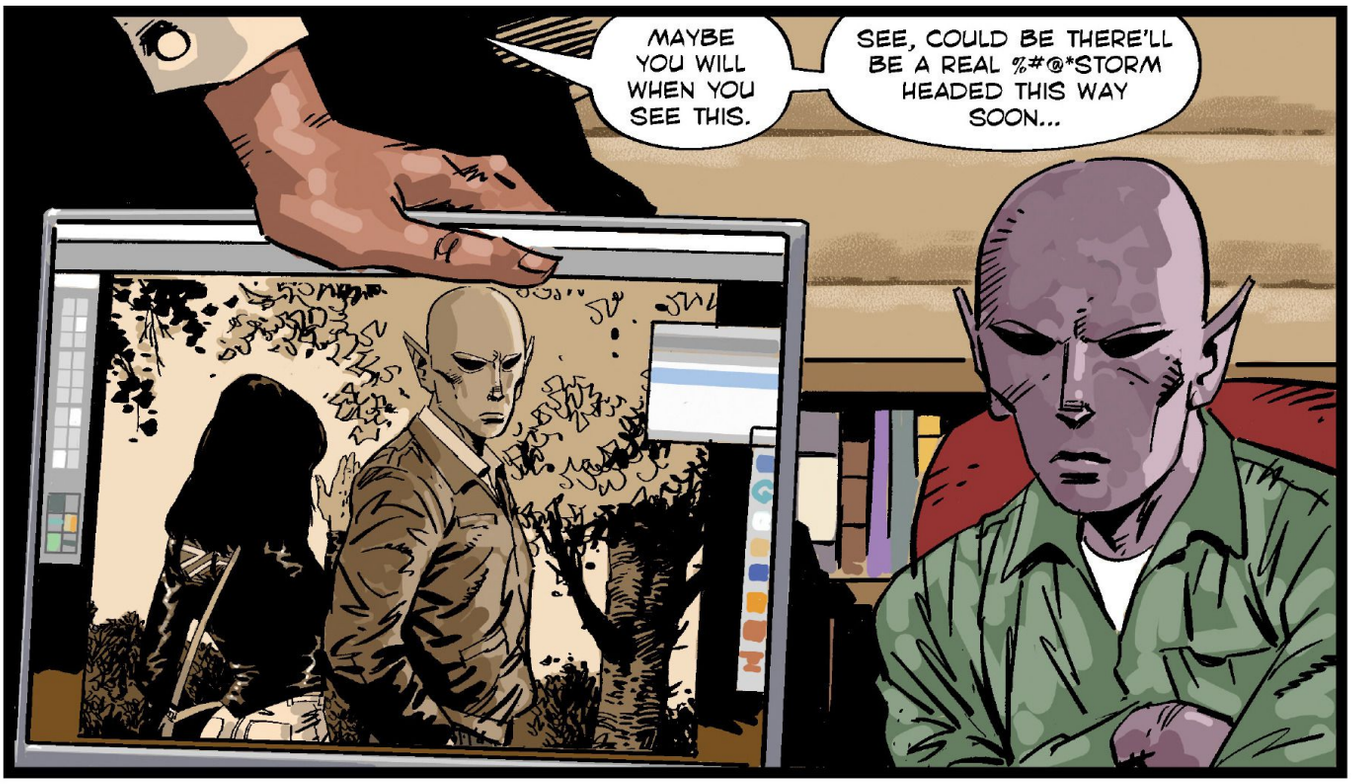
HARRY IS FINE.
SHALL I TAKE THOSE?
YES... IT'S JUST WINE AND SOME SODA.

OKAY.
I'LL DEAL WITH THESE, THEN I'M SERVING LUNCH.
IS THAT...
MY MOM? YEAH.
SHE WAS HAWAIIAN. HER NAME WAS NOELANI.
OKAY, QUIT TALKING, YOU TWO...
...TIME TO EAT.

THAT WAS AN EXCELLENT LUNCH.
BUT I'VE EATEN FAR TOO MUCH.
WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE ANYWHERE, EXCEPT...
...IT'D HELP IF YOU GOT OUT FROM UNDERFOOT WHILE I CLEARED THIS STUFF AWAY.
CAN'T I HELP WITH THE DISHES?
NAH, I'M GOOD.
YOU GO AMUSE MY DAD, AND I'LL CALL YOU WHEN COFFEE'S READY.
C'MON, HARRY--GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU IN MY DEN.
YOU LIVE HERE ALL ALONE?
SINCE ASTA MOVED OUT A FEW YEARS AGO, YEAH.
GUESS I'M KINDA SET IN MY WAYS. NOT SURE IF I COULD LIVE WITH SOMEONE ELSE NOW, EVEN IF I GOT LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND SOMEONE THAT SPECIAL.

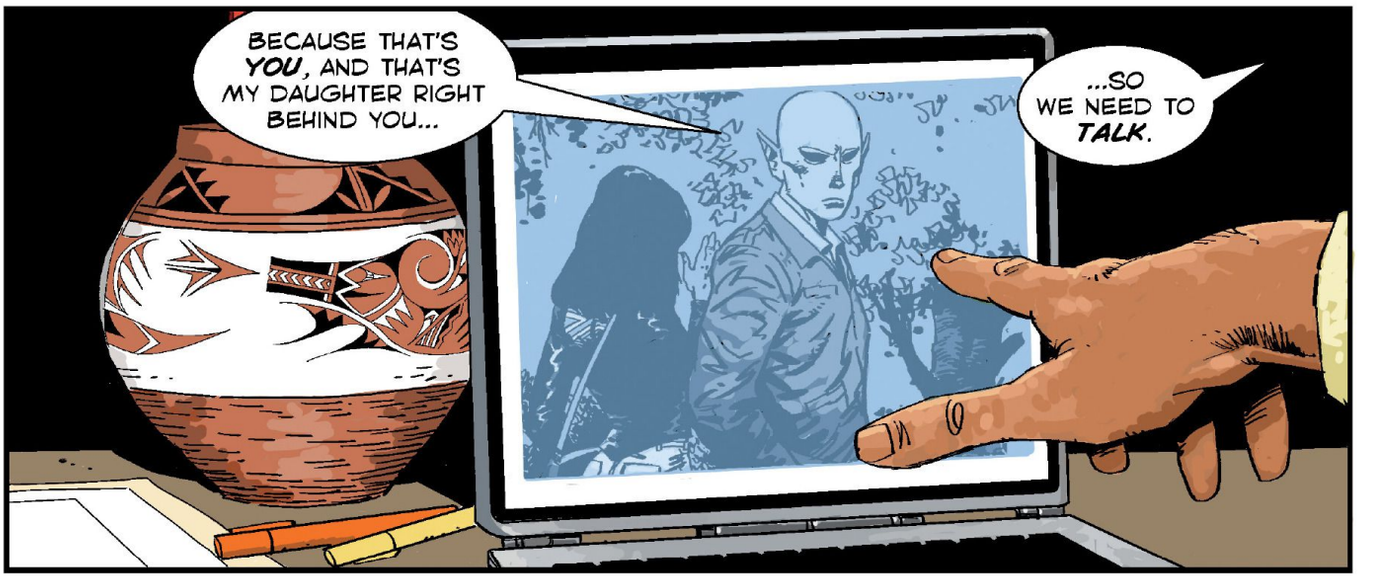
AND IT'S GOOD TO BE ALONE, BUT...
...IT'S NOT GOOD TO BE TOO ALONE. SOMETIMES A MAN NEEDS TO TALK... AND SOMEONE TO TALK TO.
ER... I GUESS I'M PRETTY SET IN MY WAYS TOO, DAN.
NOT SURE IF I'M READY FOR A... RELATIONSHIP.
I MEAN, ASTA AND I AREN'T...
...THAT IS, WE'RE FRIENDS, BUT--
YOU THINK I'M TRYING TO UNLOAD MY DAUGHTER ON YOU?
RELAX, HARRY.
I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT ASTA AND I ARE BOTH YOUR FRIENDS.
SEE, ASTA AND ME ...WE'RE NOT REALLY LIKE MOST PEOPLE.
COULD BE MAYBE WE UNDERSTAND SOMEONE LIKE YOU, BETTER THAN YOU THINK.

THAT'S...GOOD OF YOU TO SAY, DAN, BUT--
BUT YOU DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHY I'M MAKING A BIG DEAL OF IT?


MAYBE YOU WILL WHEN YOU SEE THIS.
SEE, COULD BE THERE'LL BE A REAL %#@*STORM HEADED THIS WAY SOON...

...AND WHEN IT HITS, COULD BE YOU'LL NEED SOME HELP.

HE KNOWS.
I... IT'S...
WHY ARE YOU SHOWING ME THIS?


BECAUSE THAT'S YOU, AND THAT'S MY DAUGHTER RIGHT BEHIND YOU...
...SO WE NEED TO TALK.

THAT'S...OH, THAT'S RIDICULOUS...
...IT LOOKS NOTHING LIKE ME...

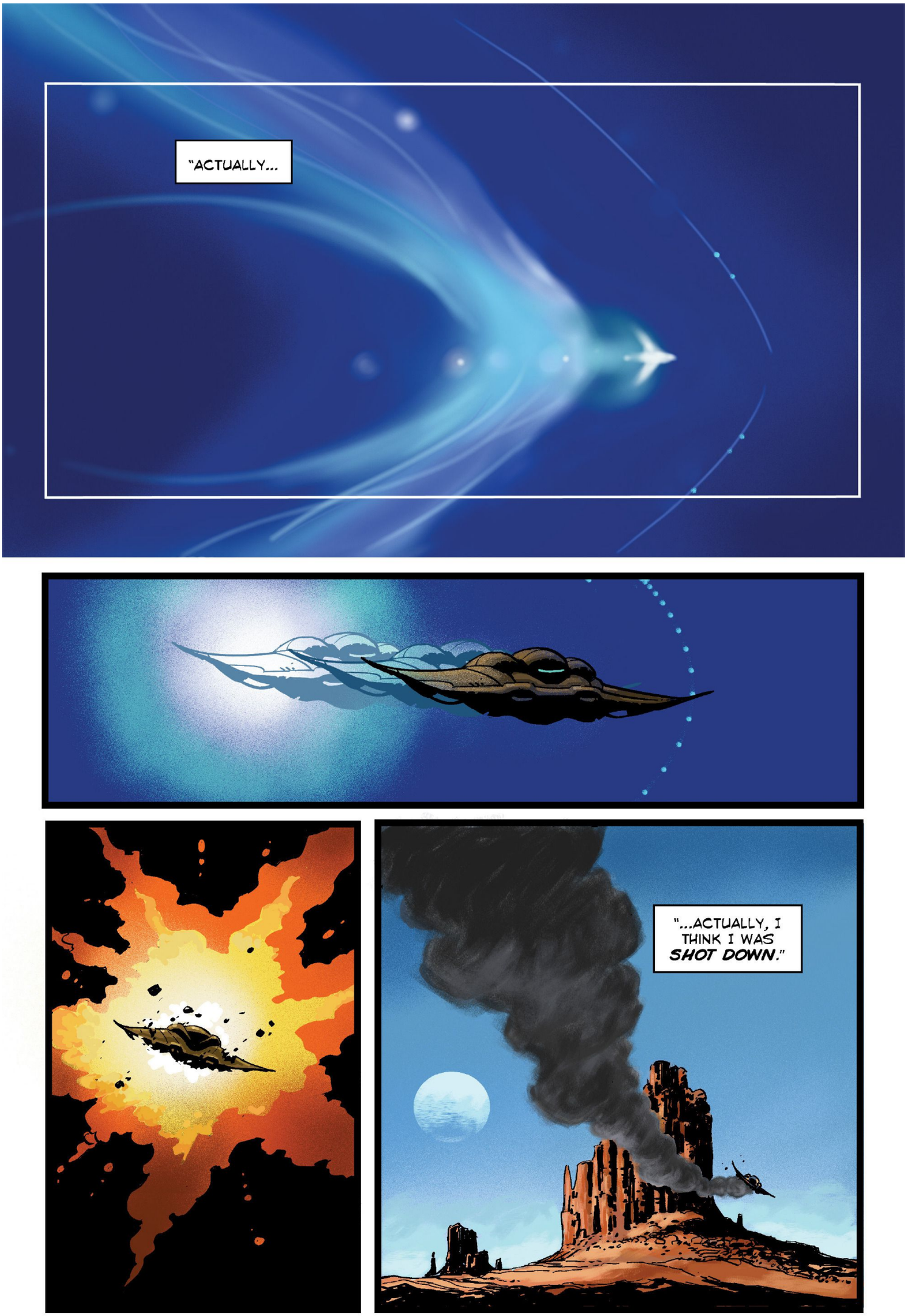
DOOR'S LOCKED, HARRY. NOW... PLEASE...CALM DOWN.
LIKE I SAID, I'M YOUR FRIEND. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.

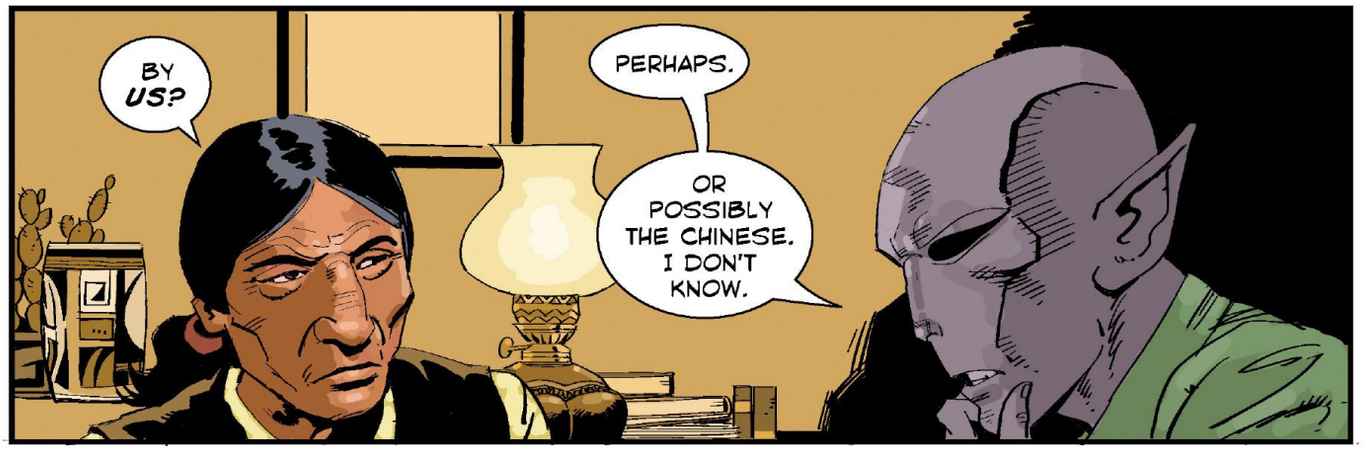
OKAY, SO I CAN'T STOP YOU LEAVING...
...BUT WHERE ARE YOU GONNA GO, HARRY?
YOU REALLY WANT TO GO BACK TO RUNNING AND HIDING AGAIN?

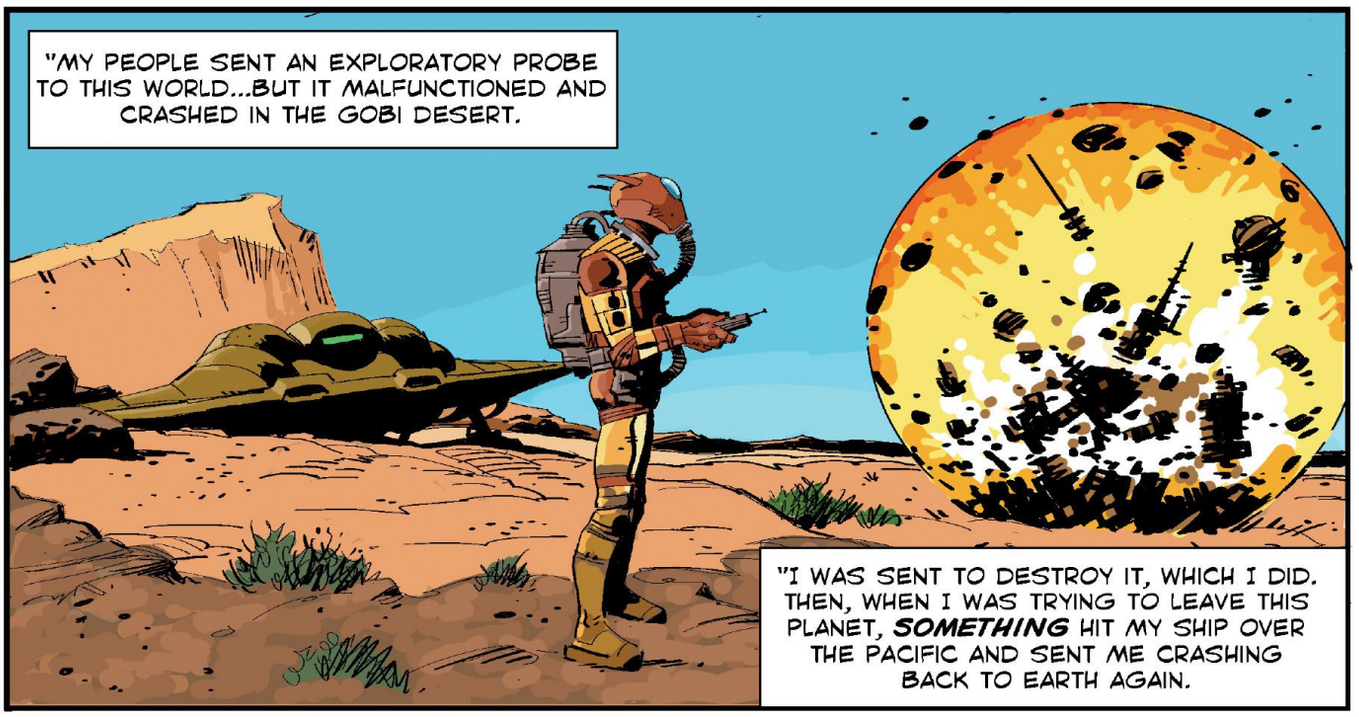
HOW DID YOU...
I JUST TOLD YOU-- I'M NOT LIKE MOST PEOPLE.
I KNOW STUFF. YOU GOING TO SIT DOWN AND LISTEN NOW?

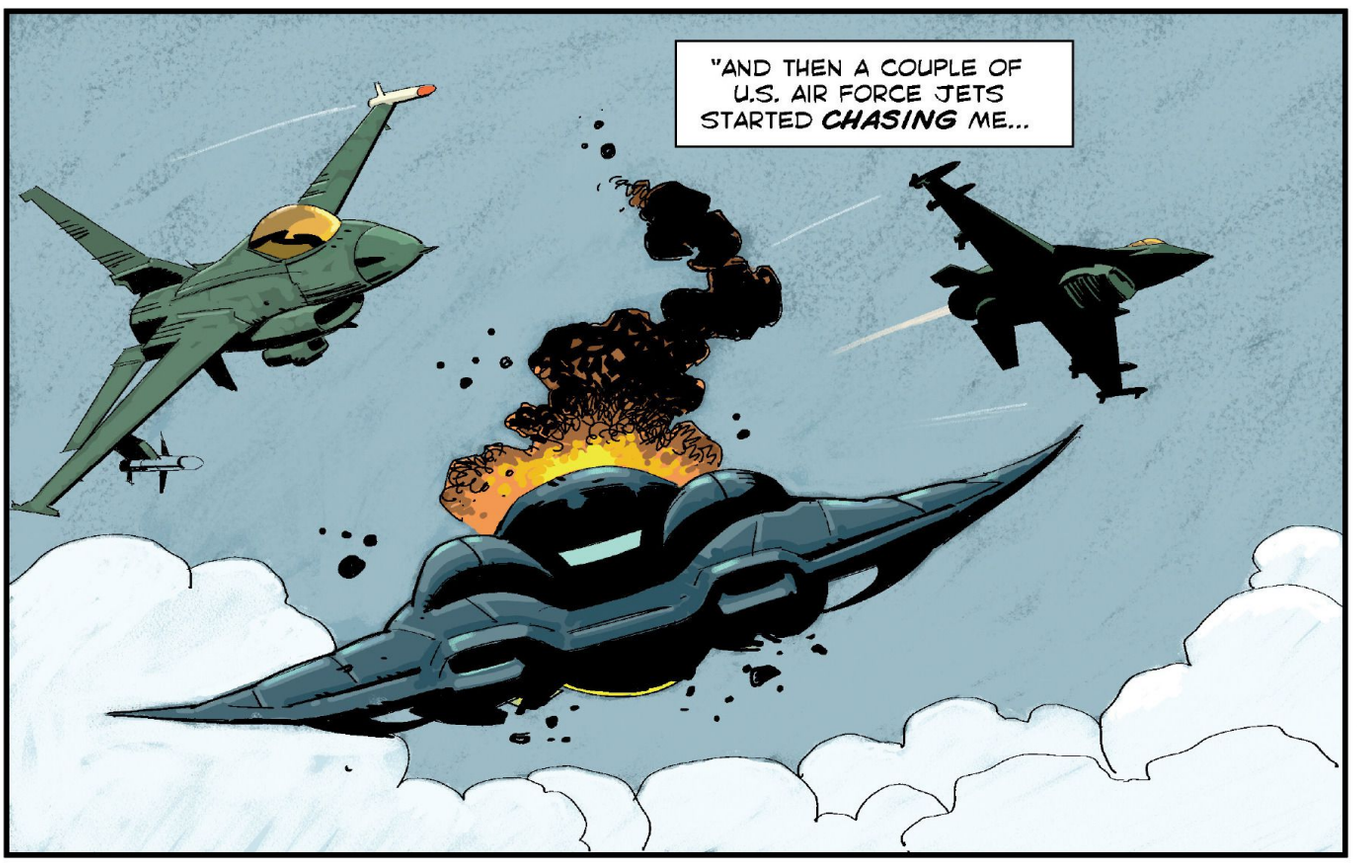
OKAY.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
WELL, FOR ONE THING I KNOW THAT'S YOU IN THE PHOTO...
...BECAUSE YOUR WHOLE HYPNOSIS THING DOESN'T REALLY WORK ON ME.
YOU CAN SEE ME?
KINDA. ALL I GET ARE GLIMPSES, BUT THEY'RE LIKE... ECHOES OF THAT PHOTO.
AND ASTA SOMETIMES SEES YOU AS A BLUR.
SHE HASN'T SEEN THAT PHOTO, THOUGH...
AND I'M NOT GOING TO SHOW IT TO HER. NOT SURE SHE COULD HANDLE IT JUST YET.
ANYWAY, THE POINT IS--DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ANYBODY.

BUT... WHY?
I MEAN...WHY NOT?
WHAT, YOU EXPECT ME TO CALL HOMELAND SECURITY ON YOU?
I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A THREAT, HARRY. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE INVADING US OR SPYING ON US... ARE YOU?
NO.
YOU'RE FROM ANOTHER PLANET, THOUGH, RIGHT?
YES.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. SO...WHAT HAPPENED? YOU CRASH HERE, OR WHAT?


"ACTUALLY...
"...ACTUALLY, I THINK I WAS SHOT DOWN."


BY US?
PERHAPS.
OR POSSIBLY THE CHINESE. I DON'T KNOW.


"MY PEOPLE SENT AN EXPLORATORY PROBE TO THIS WORLD...BUT IT MALFUNCTIONED AND CRASHED IN THE GOBI DESERT.
"I WAS SENT TO DESTROY IT, WHICH I DID. THEN, WHEN I WAS TRYING TO LEAVE THIS PLANET, SOMETHING HIT MY SHIP OVER THE PACIFIC AND SENT ME CRASHING BACK TO EARTH AGAIN.


"AND THEN A COUPLE OF U.S. AIR FORCE JETS STARTED CHASING ME...

"...BUT I MANAGED TO SHAKE THEM OFF."
UNFORTUNATELY, MY SHIP WAS TOO BADLY DAMAGED TO GO MUCH FURTHER.
I FINALLY CRASHED INTO THE DESERT... IN UTAH, I THINK.
CAN'T YOUR SHIP BE FIXED?
NOT REALLY. I HAD TO DESTROY IT.
THEN YOU'RE STUCK HERE?
YES, PROBABLY.
I SENT OFF A DISTRESS SIGNAL AS I WAS CRASHING. AT LEAST ...I THINK I DID.

BUT EVEN IF MY PEOPLE RECEIVED IT, IT WOULD TAKE SEVERAL MORE YEARS BEFORE THEY COULD GET HERE.
SO THAT'S THAT.
GOOD YOU GOT SOME FRIENDS HERE, THEN.
YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS.
YOU SUPPOSE WHAT IS WHAT?
WE SUPPOSE IT'S HIGH TIME WE GOT THAT COFFEE, IS WHAT.
READY AND WAITING, SLAVE DRIVER...
...IN THE KITCHEN.

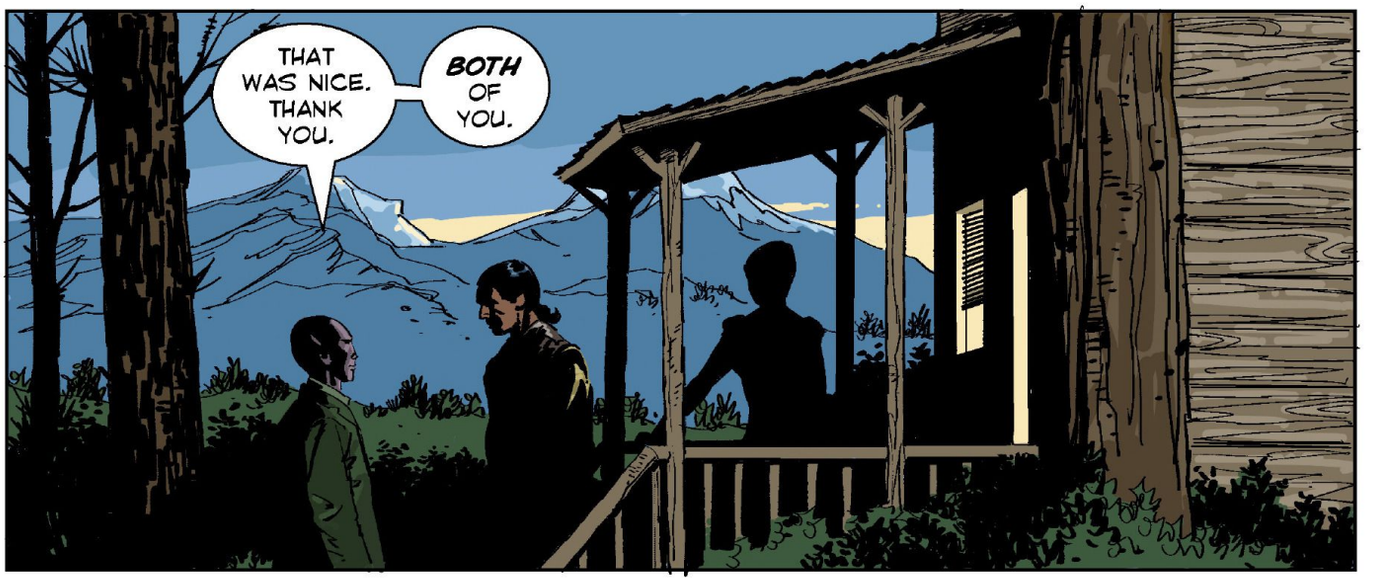
SO WHAT WERE YOU GUYS YAKKING ABOUT?
OH, HARRY WAS TELLING ME ABOUT HOW HE WAS THINKING ABOUT ***LEAVING*** PATIENCE...

CRASH

DON'T BREAK ANYTHING ELSE, PRINCESS...
...I ***THINK*** I'VE PERSUADED HIM TO STAY.

THAT RIGHT, HARRY?
HAVE I?

YES, YOU HAVE.
FOR A ***WHILE***, ANYWAY.


THAT WAS NICE. THANK YOU.
BOTH OF YOU.

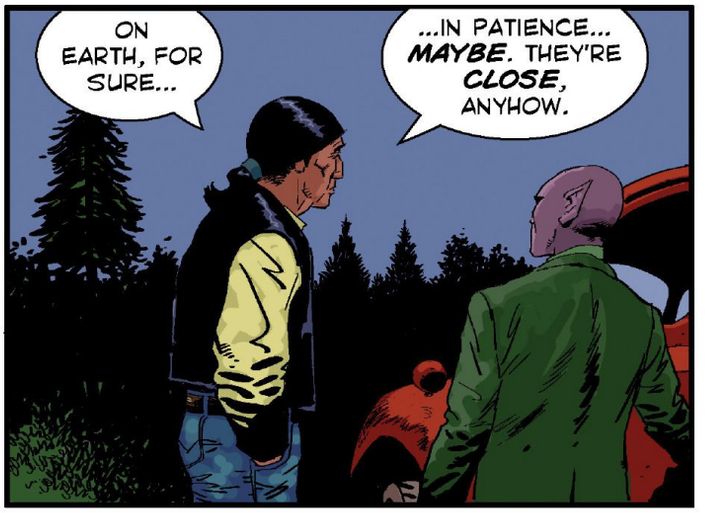
WELL, I'LL SEE YA TOMORROW AT THE CLINIC.
G'NIGHT.
GOOD NIGHT.

YOU KNOW YOUR WAY BACK?
YES, I THINK SO.
DAN...

...YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT... TROUBLE COMING THIS WAY...
YEAH.

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOU'RE HERE, HARRY...
...AND THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOU.

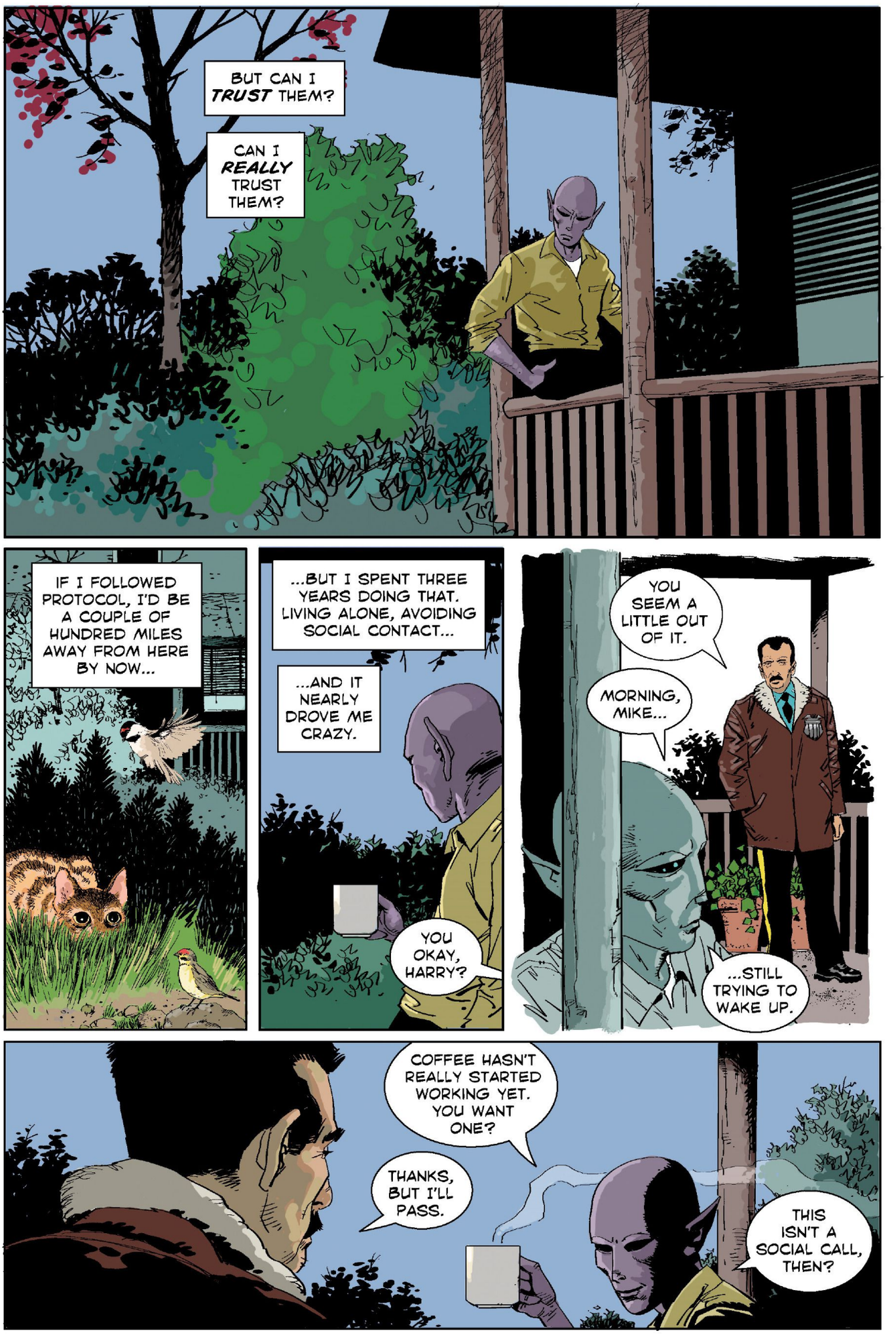
KNOW I'M ON EARTH?
OR KNOW I'M IN *PATIENCE?*


ON EARTH, FOR SURE...
...IN PATIENCE... *MAYBE*. THEY'RE *CLOSE*, ANYHOW.

AND YOU KNOW THIS BECAUSE YOU'RE "NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE," YES?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
IF THEY GET ANY CLOSER, WE CAN HIDE YOU, BUT...WATCH YOUR STEP, OKAY?
DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.

I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.
WE'LL TALK MORE LATER, I'M SURE.
SO AM I.
GOOD NIGHT, DAN, AND...*THANKS*, I THINK.

YOU TOLD HIM?
I TOLD HIM.

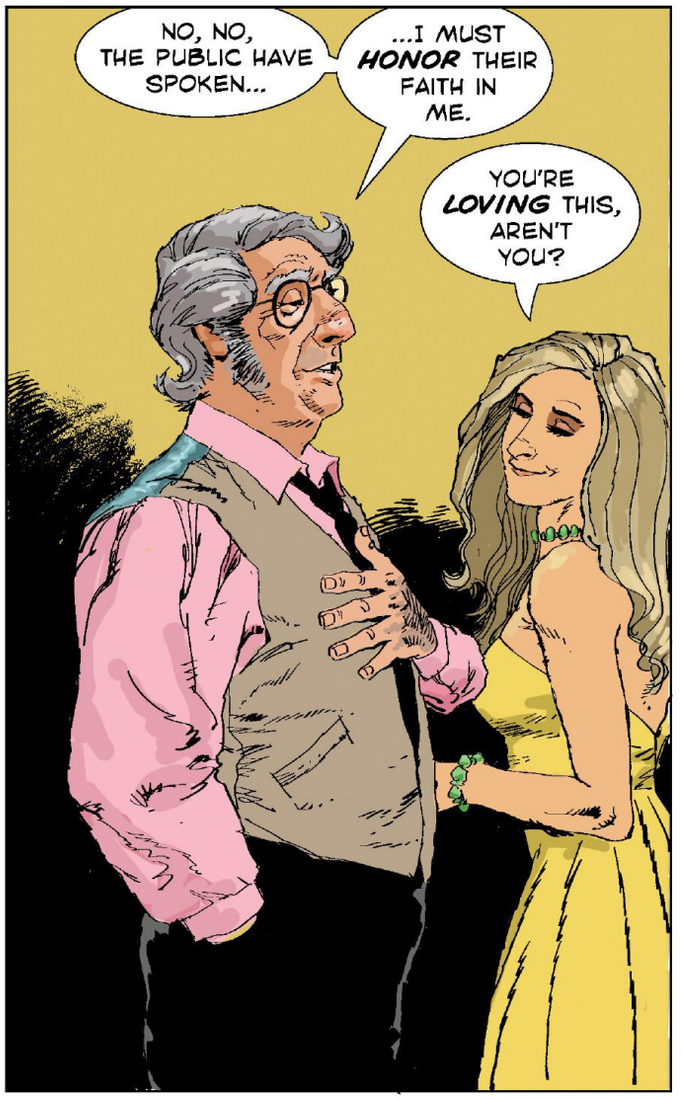

BUT CAN I TRUST THEM?
CAN I REALLY TRUST THEM?
IF I FOLLOWED PROTOCOL, I'D BE A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM HERE BY NOW...
...BUT I SPENT THREE YEARS DOING THAT. LIVING ALONE, AVOIDING SOCIAL CONTACT...
...AND IT NEARLY DROVE ME CRAZY.
YOU OKAY, HARRY?
YOU SEEM A LITTLE OUT OF IT.
MORNING, MIKE...
...STILL TRYING TO WAKE UP.
COFFEE HASN'T REALLY STARTED WORKING YET. YOU WANT ONE?
THANKS, BUT I'LL PASS.
THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL, THEN?

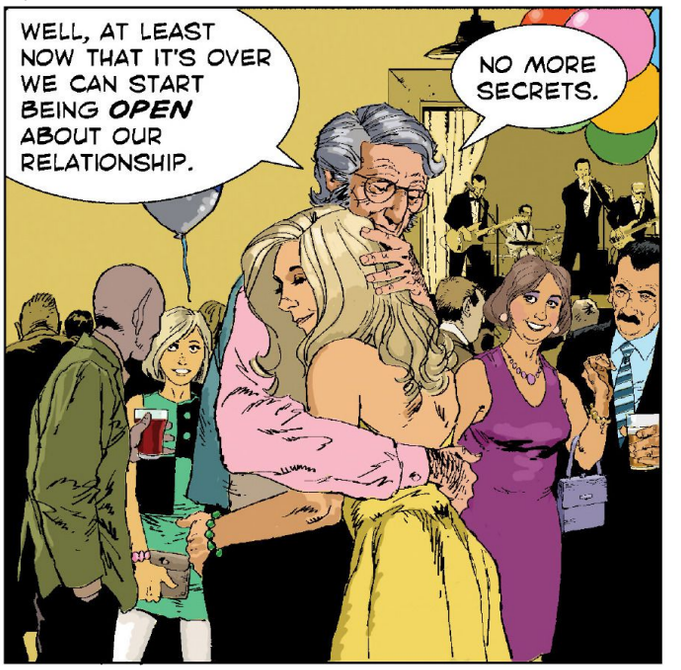
I WAS JUST PASSING BY. THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU AN UPDATE ON THE FIRE.
NEW DEVELOP-MENTS?
NOT REALLY.
THE DECEASED'S FINGERPRINTS LED NOWHERE, AND I'M PRETTY SURE ALL THE GUILTY PARTIES SKIPPED TOWN WHEN THE FIRE STARTED.
STILL, WE MAY GET A BREAK WITH THE DENTAL RECORDS.
I'VE PULLED IN A FAVOR ON THAT, SO HOPEFULLY WE MIGHT GET SOME NEWS SOON. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.
GOOD.
WHOLE DAMN BUSINESS DEPRESSES ME MORE'N I CAN SAY.
AT LEAST THE ELECTION'S DONE WITH TOMORROW, AND WE MIGHT GET SOME SENSE OUT OF BERT AGAIN.
YOU'RE VOTING, RIGHT?
I, ER...HAVEN'T REGISTERED.
DON'T TELL BERT.

I...WON?
I ACTUALLY WON?
SO IT SEEMS.
YOU'RE NOT HAPPY ABOUT THIS?

I WASN'T ABOUT TO LET THAT DAMN NEWSPAPER FORCE ME OUT OF OFFICE, AND I THOUGHT RUNNING ONE LAST TIME WOULD LET ME BOW OUT GRACEFULLY. WITH A BIT OF DIGNITY...
...I JUST... DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT TO WIN.

NOW I'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH FOUR MORE YEARS OF THIS %@#$*...
POOR BABY.
OF COURSE IF YOU WANTED TO WITHDRAW IN FAVOR OF YOUR BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL OPPONENT...
...GO RIGHT AHEAD.


NO, NO, THE PUBLIC HAVE SPOKEN...
...I MUST HONOR THEIR FAITH IN ME.
YOU'RE LOVING THIS, AREN'T YOU?

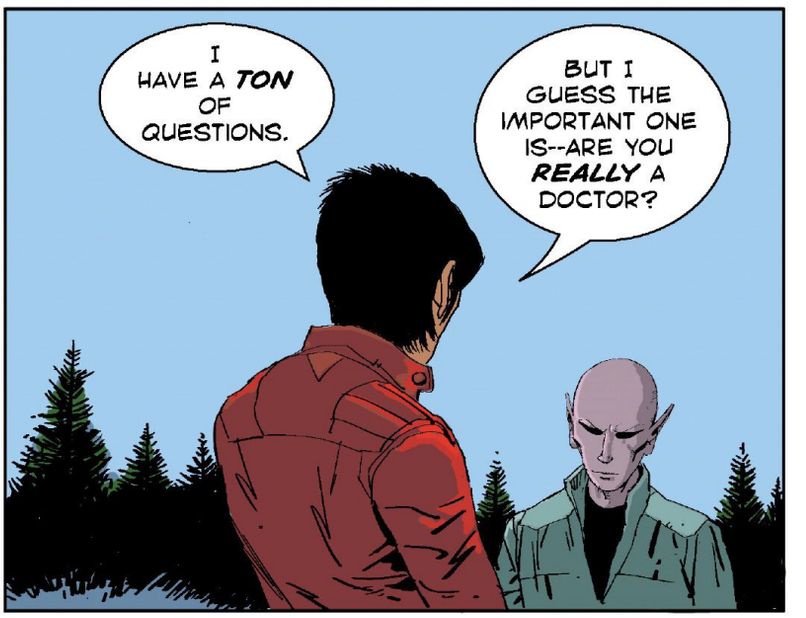

WELL, AT LEAST NOW THAT IT'S OVER WE CAN START BEING OPEN ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP.
NO MORE SECRETS.

ACTUALLY, BERT...
...I'M PRETTY SURE EVERY-BODY ALREADY KNOWS.

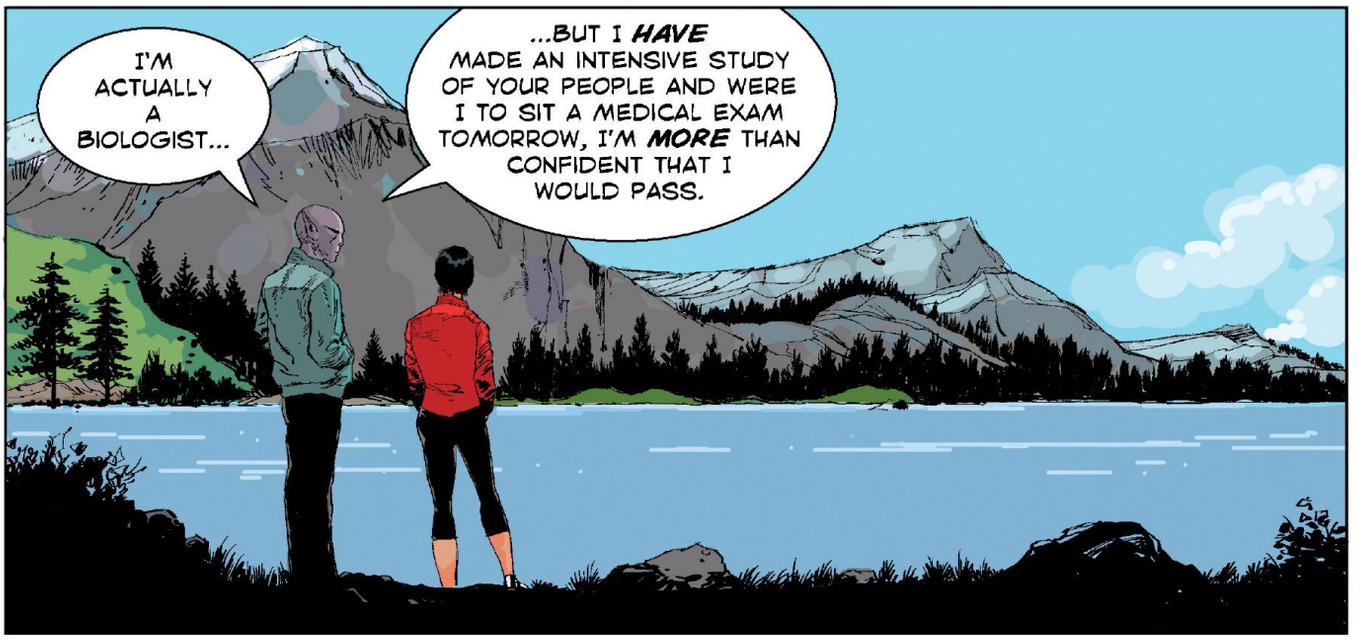
REALLY?
YUP.
BUT NOW WE CAN SAY CONGRATULATIONS!

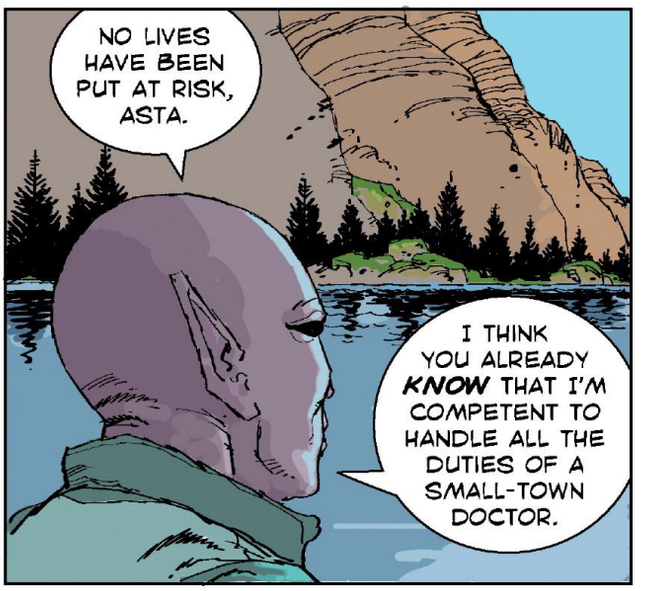
HEY, HARRY...
...THANKS FOR MEETING ME.

DAD FILLED ME IN ON WHAT YOU TALKED ABOUT. SOME OF IT, ANYWAY.
SO I THOUGHT WE SHOULD TALK, BECAUSE--
YOU HAVE SOME QUESTIONS.


I HAVE A TON OF QUESTIONS.
BUT I GUESS THE IMPORTANT ONE IS--ARE YOU REALLY A DOCTOR?

A DOCTOR, YES.
A MEDICAL DOCTOR... STRICTLY SPEAKING, NO.

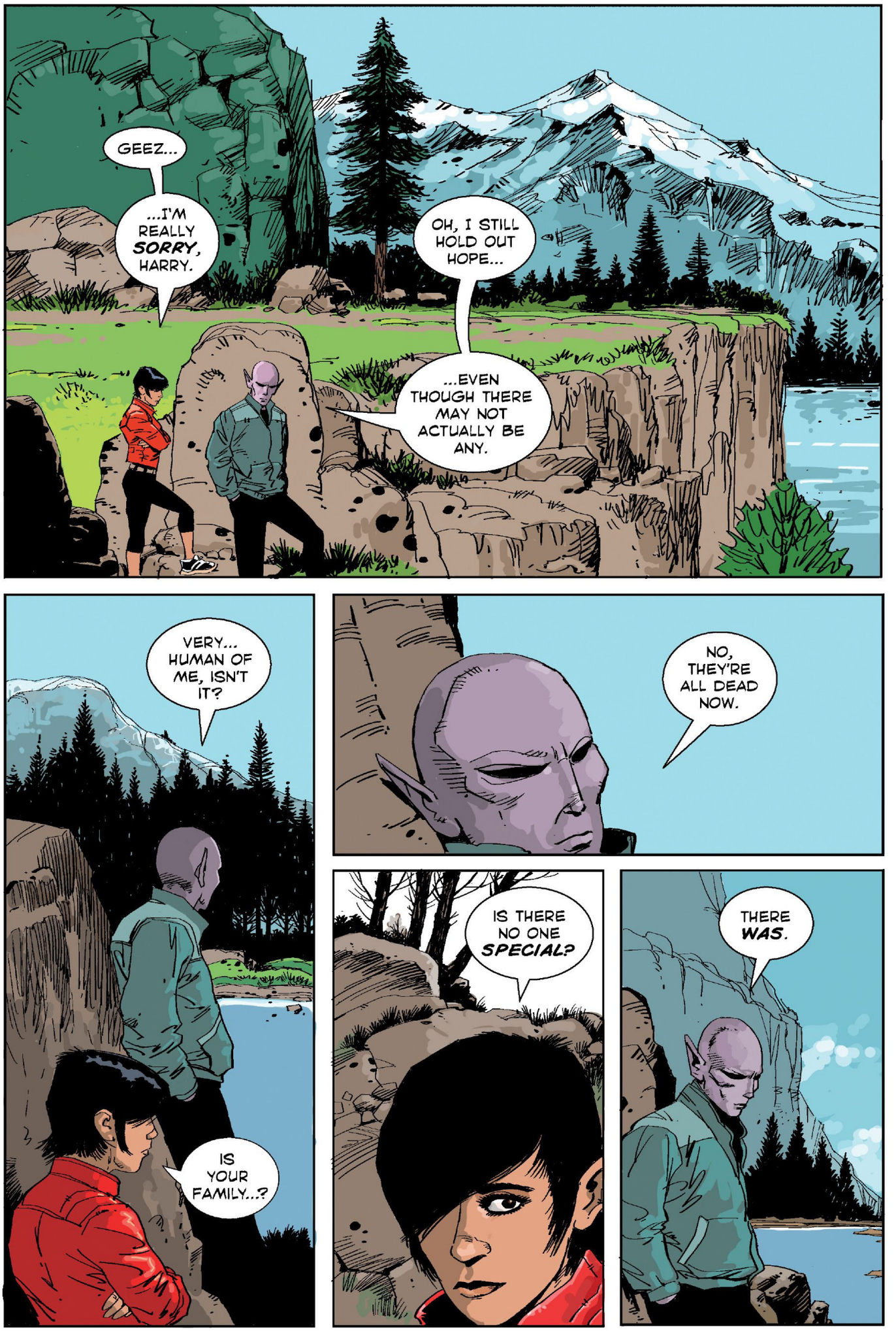

I'M ACTUALLY A BIOLOGIST...
...BUT I HAVE MADE AN INTENSIVE STUDY OF YOUR PEOPLE AND WERE I TO SIT A MEDICAL EXAM TOMORROW, I'M MORE THAN CONFIDENT THAT I WOULD PASS.

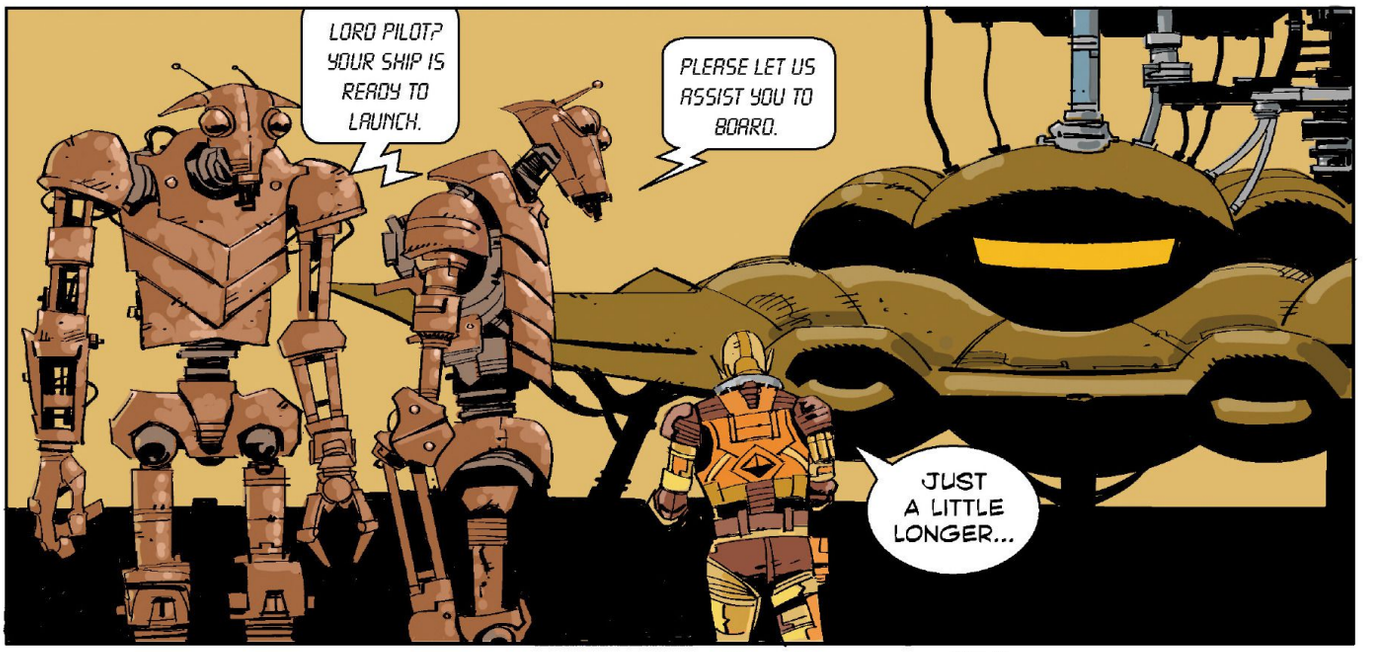

NO LIVES HAVE BEEN PUT AT RISK, ASTA.
I THINK YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT I'M COMPETENT TO HANDLE ALL THE DUTIES OF A SMALL-TOWN DOCTOR.

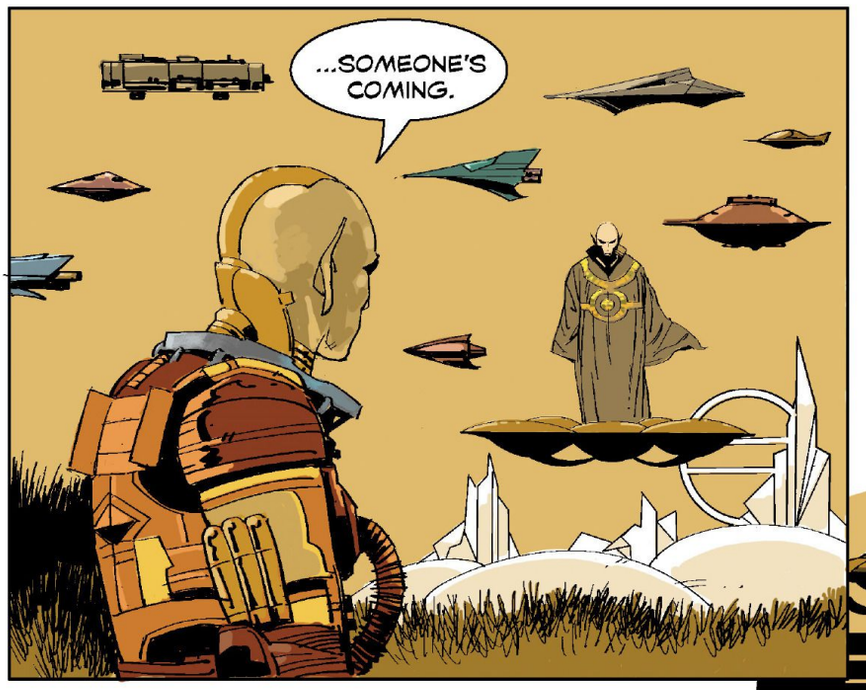
YEAH.
JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE.

ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO KNOW?

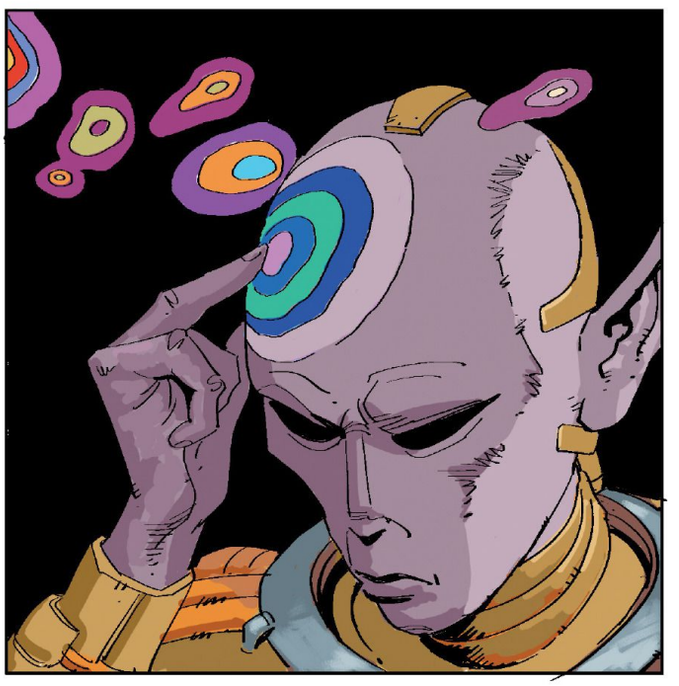
MY DAD SAYS YOU'RE STUCK HERE--THAT YOU CAN'T GET HOME AGAIN.
YES, THAT MAY BE SO.


GEEZ...
...I'M REALLY SORRY, HARRY.
OH, I STILL HOLD OUT HOPE...
...EVEN THOUGH THERE MAY NOT ACTUALLY BE ANY.
VERY... HUMAN OF ME, ISN'T IT?
IS YOUR FAMILY...?
NO, THEY'RE ALL DEAD NOW.
IS THERE NO ONE SPECIAL?
THERE WAS.

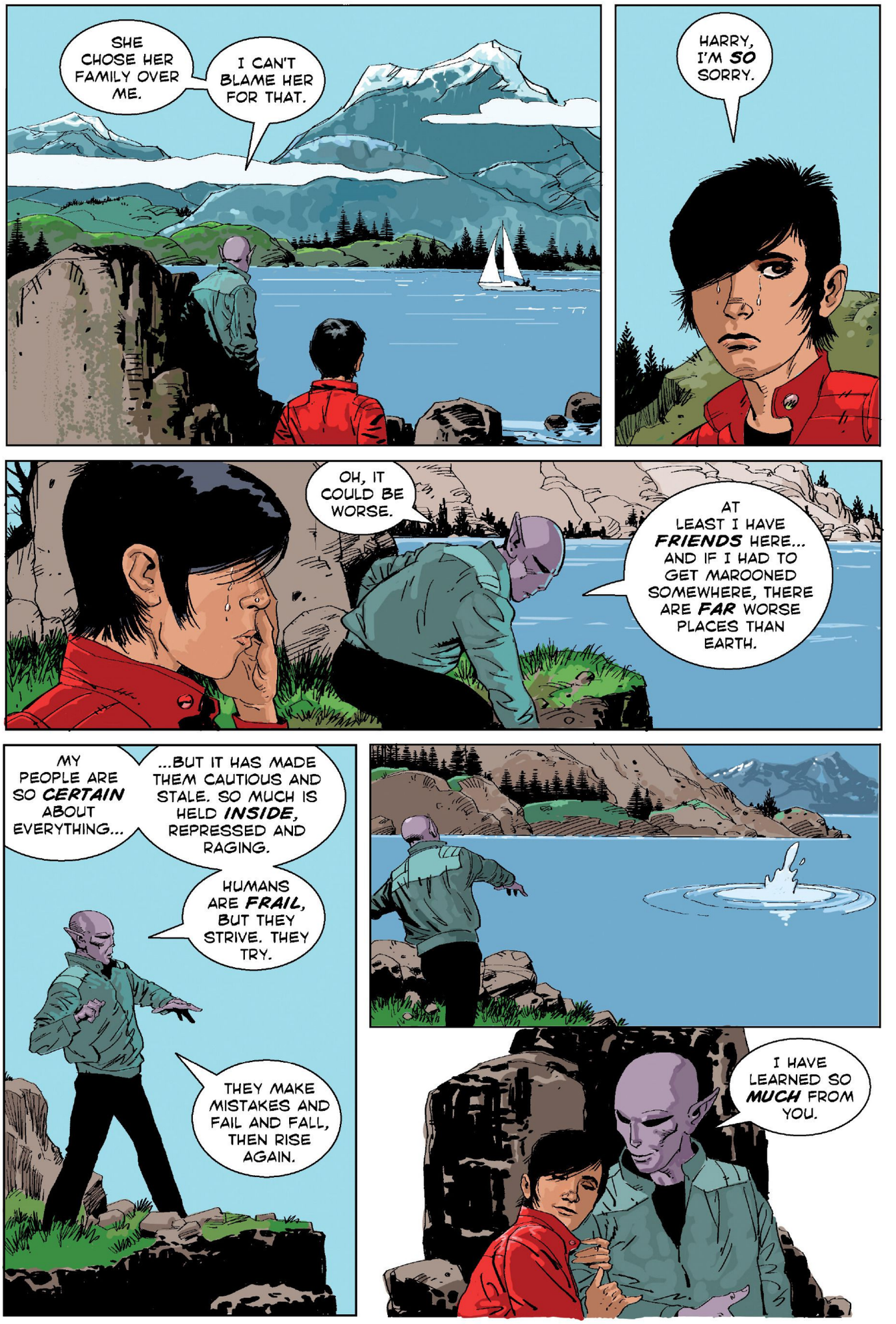

LORD PILOT? YOUR SHIP IS READY TO LAUNCH.
PLEASE LET US ASSIST YOU TO BOARD.
JUST A LITTLE LONGER...


...SOMEONE'S COMING.

YOU ARE THE SCIENTIST HAH-RE?
I AM.
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU.



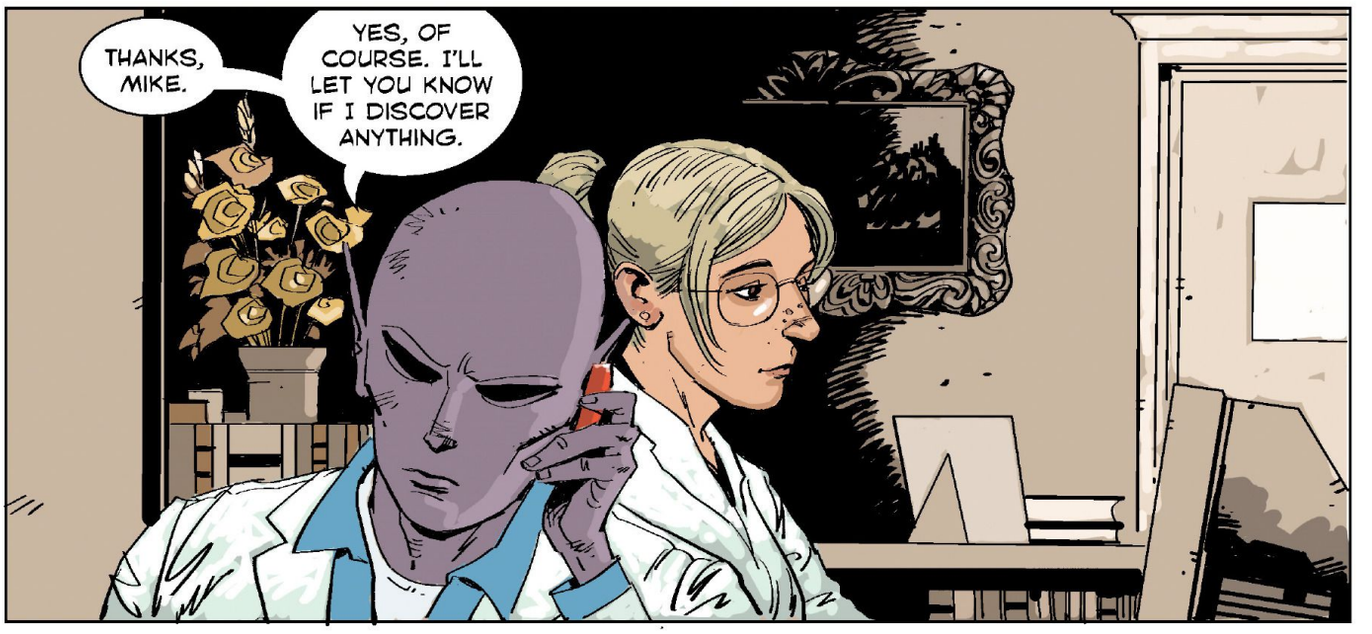
I AM READY NOW.
MORE THAN READY.

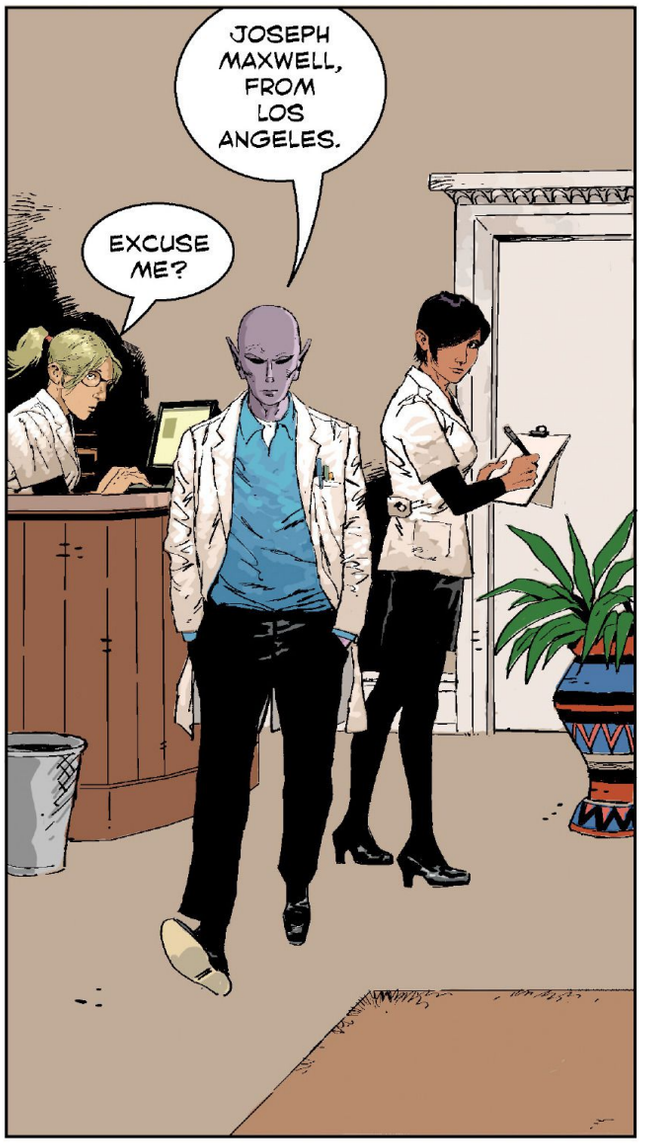

SHE CHOSE HER FAMILY OVER ME.
I CAN'T BLAME HER FOR THAT.
HARRY, I'M SO SORRY.
OH, IT COULD BE WORSE.
AT LEAST I HAVE FRIENDS HERE... AND IF I HAD TO GET MAROONED SOMEWHERE, THERE ARE FAR WORSE PLACES THAN EARTH.
MY PEOPLE ARE SO CERTAIN ABOUT EVERYTHING...
...BUT IT HAS MADE THEM CAUTIOUS AND STALE. SO MUCH IS HELD INSIDE, REPRESSED AND RAGING.
HUMANS ARE FRAIL, BUT THEY STRIVE. THEY TRY.
THEY MAKE MISTAKES AND FAIL AND FALL, THEN RISE AGAIN.
I HAVE LEARNED SO MUCH FROM YOU.

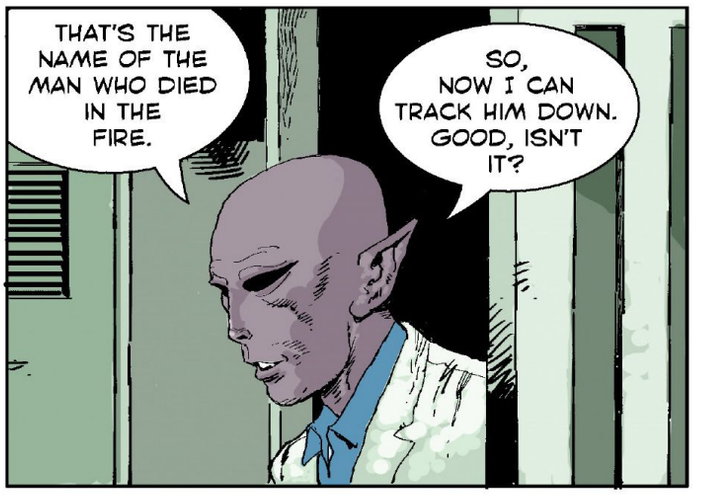
OKAY, WE NOW HAVE A NAME TO MATCH THOSE TEETH.
JOSEPH MAXWELL. LAST DENTAL RECORDS ARE OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, FROM TARZANA.
THAT'S A SUBURB OF LOS ANGELES.

I'M EMAILING YOU OVER THE DETAILS. THERE'S AN OLD ADDRESS AND HIS SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER.
DON'T KNOW IF IT'LL HELP TRACK DOWN THE DAUGHTER, BUT IT'S ALL I GOT.

L.A.P.D. HAVE PROMISED TO LOOK INTO IT FOR ME, SEE IF THEY CAN DIG UP ANYTHING ELSE...
...FRANKLY, I'M NOT HOLDING MY BREATH.


THANKS, MIKE.
YES, OF COURSE. I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I DISCOVER ANYTHING.

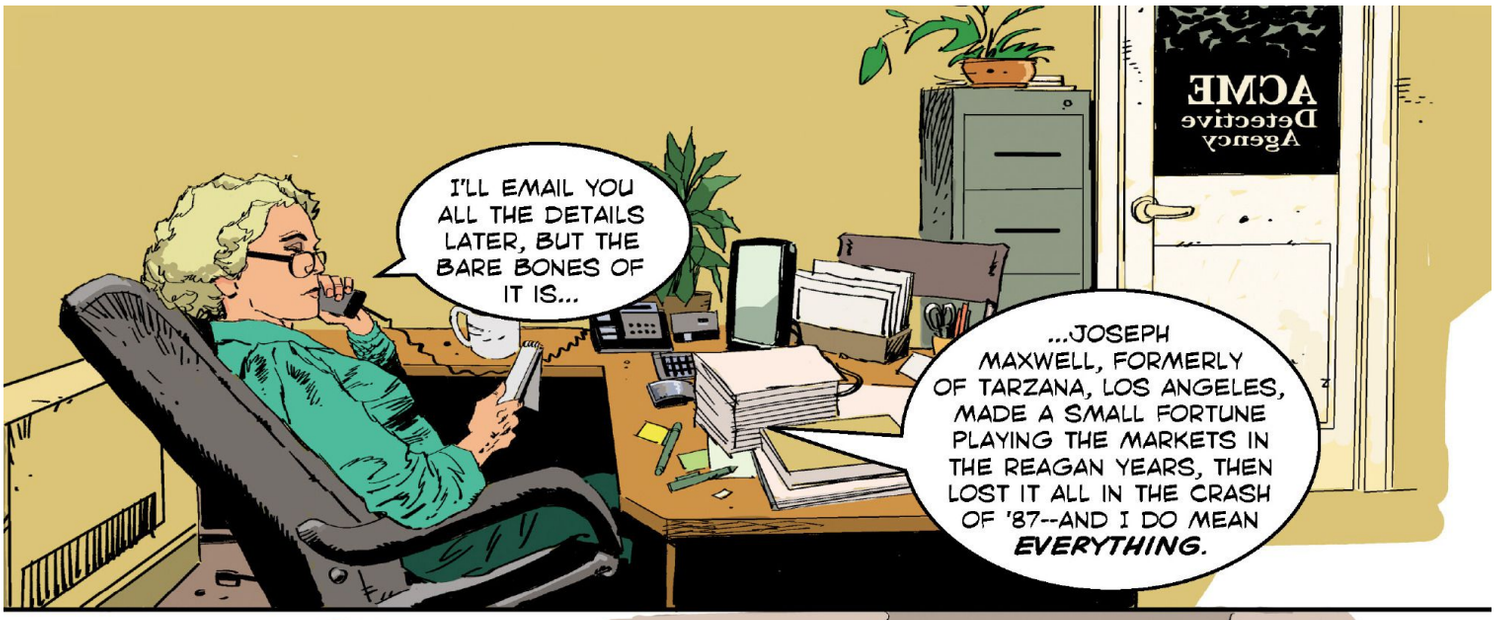

JOSEPH MAXWELL, FROM LOS ANGELES.
EXCUSE ME?

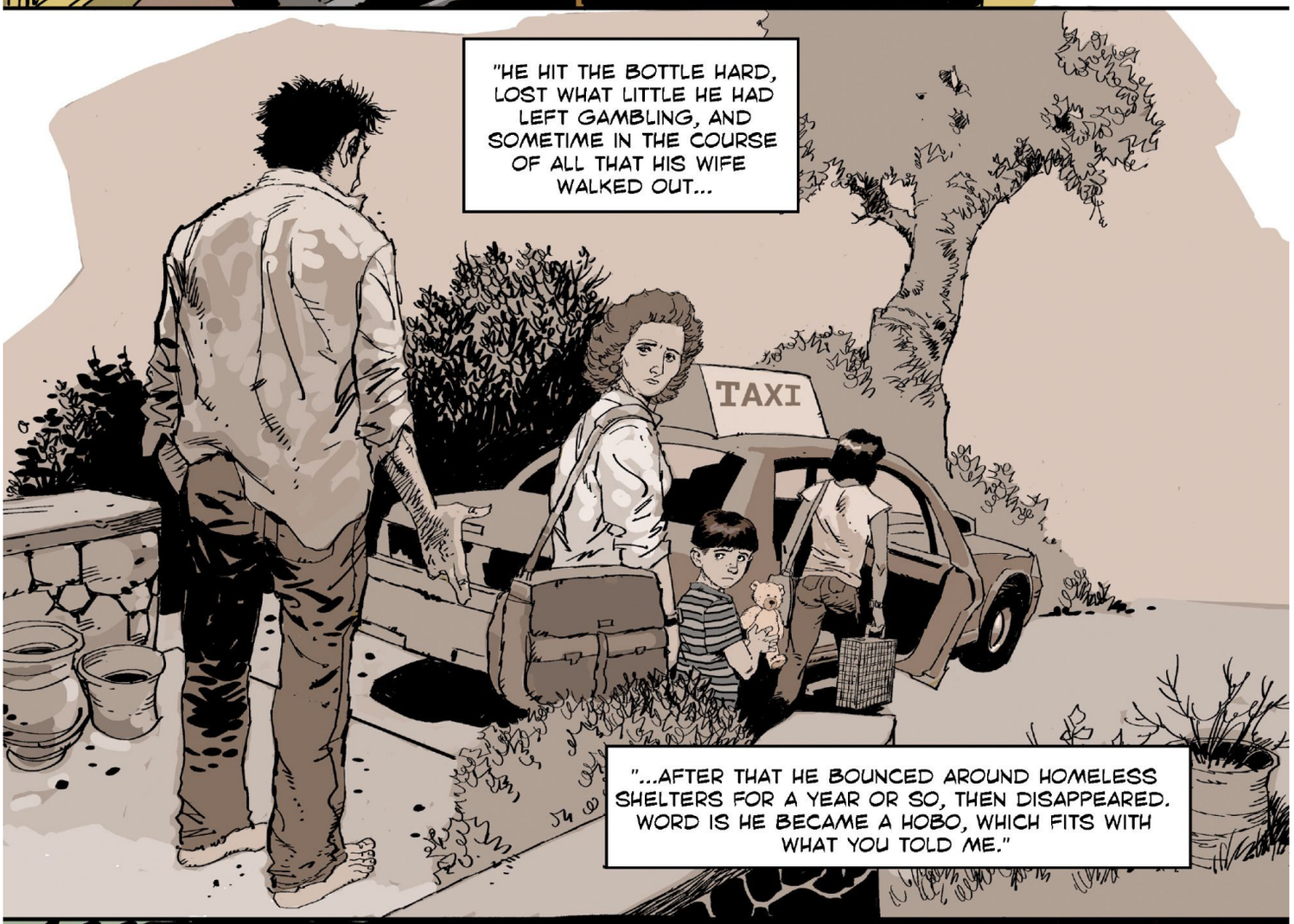

THAT'S THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO DIED IN THE FIRE.
SO, NOW I CAN TRACK HIM DOWN. GOOD, ISN'T IT?

HARRY, YOU CAN'T GO TO L.A.
YOU KNOW WHAT DAD WOULD SAY.

YES, I DO...
BUT I'M NOT GOING THERE.

I'M GOING TO HIRE A PRIVATE EYE, AND LET HIM DO ALL THE WORK.
HELLO, ACME DETECTIVE AGENCY?


I'LL EMAIL YOU ALL THE DETAILS LATER, BUT THE BARE BONES OF IT IS...
...JOSEPH MAXWELL, FORMERLY OF TARZANA, LOS ANGELES, MADE A SMALL FORTUNE PLAYING THE MARKETS IN THE REAGAN YEARS, THEN LOST IT ALL IN THE CRASH OF '87--AND I DO MEAN *EVERYTHING*.
ACME Detective Agency


"HE HIT THE BOTTLE HARD, LOST WHAT LITTLE HE HAD LEFT GAMBLING, AND SOMETIME IN THE COURSE OF ALL THAT HIS WIFE WALKED OUT...
TAXI
"...AFTER THAT HE BOUNCED AROUND HOMELESS SHELTERS FOR A YEAR OR SO, THEN DISAPPEARED. WORD IS HE BECAME A HOBO, WHICH FITS WITH WHAT YOU TOLD ME."

WHAT ABOUT HIS FAMILY?
I THINK HE HAD A DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER AND A SON...
...WIFE COULD STILL BE ALIVE, BUT I HAVEN'T GONE LOOKING YET.
RIGHT NOW ALL I HAVE ARE THEIR NAMES...JUST SENT YOU AN EMAIL WITH ALL THAT.

THANK YOU.
NO, JUST SEND ME YOUR BILL. I'LL BE IN TOUCH IF I NEED YOU TO LOOK ANY FURTHER.

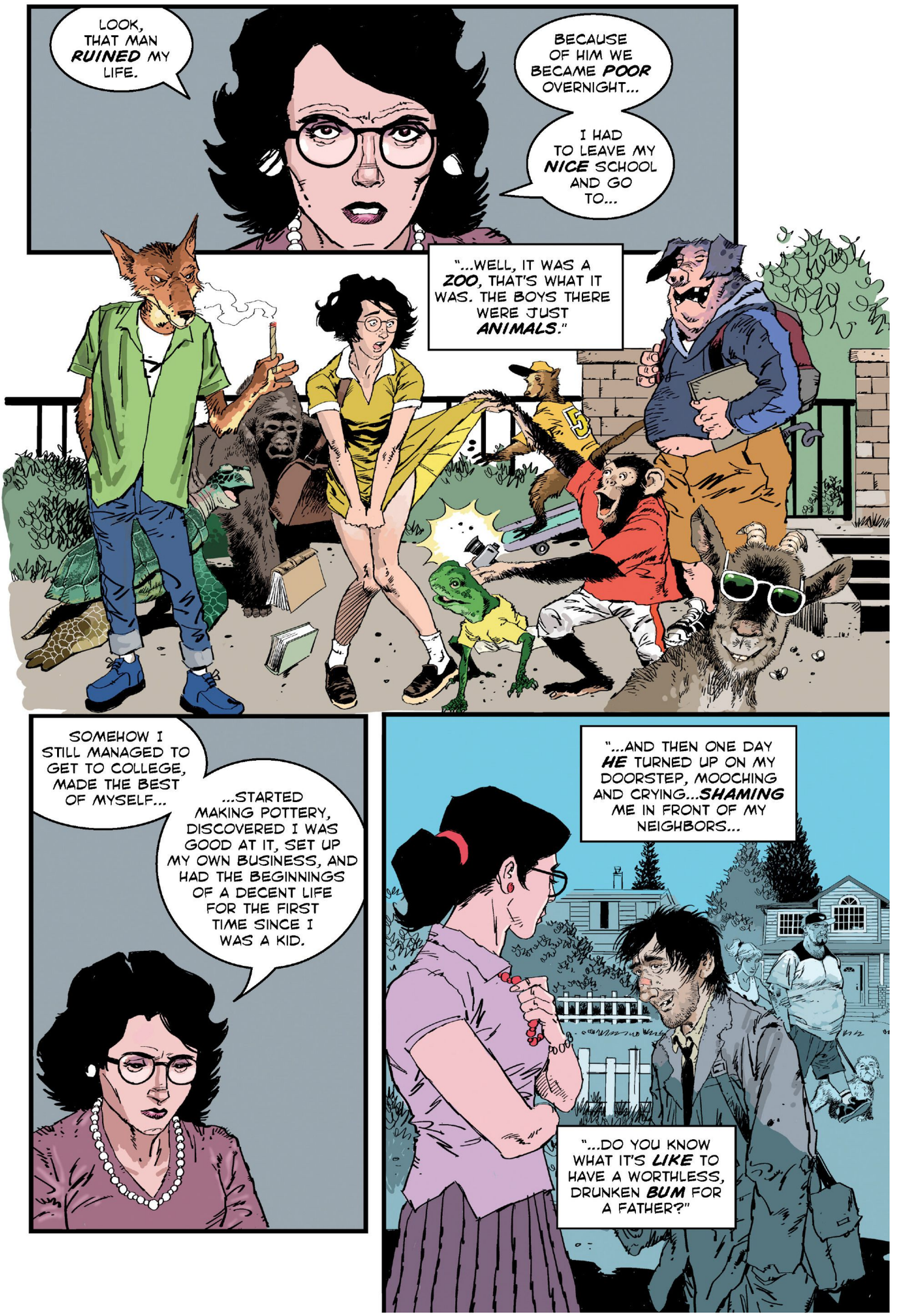
LUNCH, DOC.
GOOD.
I'M GOING OUT.

AS HE WAS DYING, HE SAID...
MY DAUGHTER...
...CALL... PLEASE...
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT HE SAID-- MEANING I SHOULD CALL HIS DAUGHTER AND TELL HER THAT HE'D PASSED...
...BUT I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, AND...WHAT IF HE REALLY SAID...
MY DAUGHTER...
...CALL... POLICE...
IF THAT WERE TRUE, THEN MAYBE HE WAS TELLING ME THE IDENTITY OF HIS KILLER.

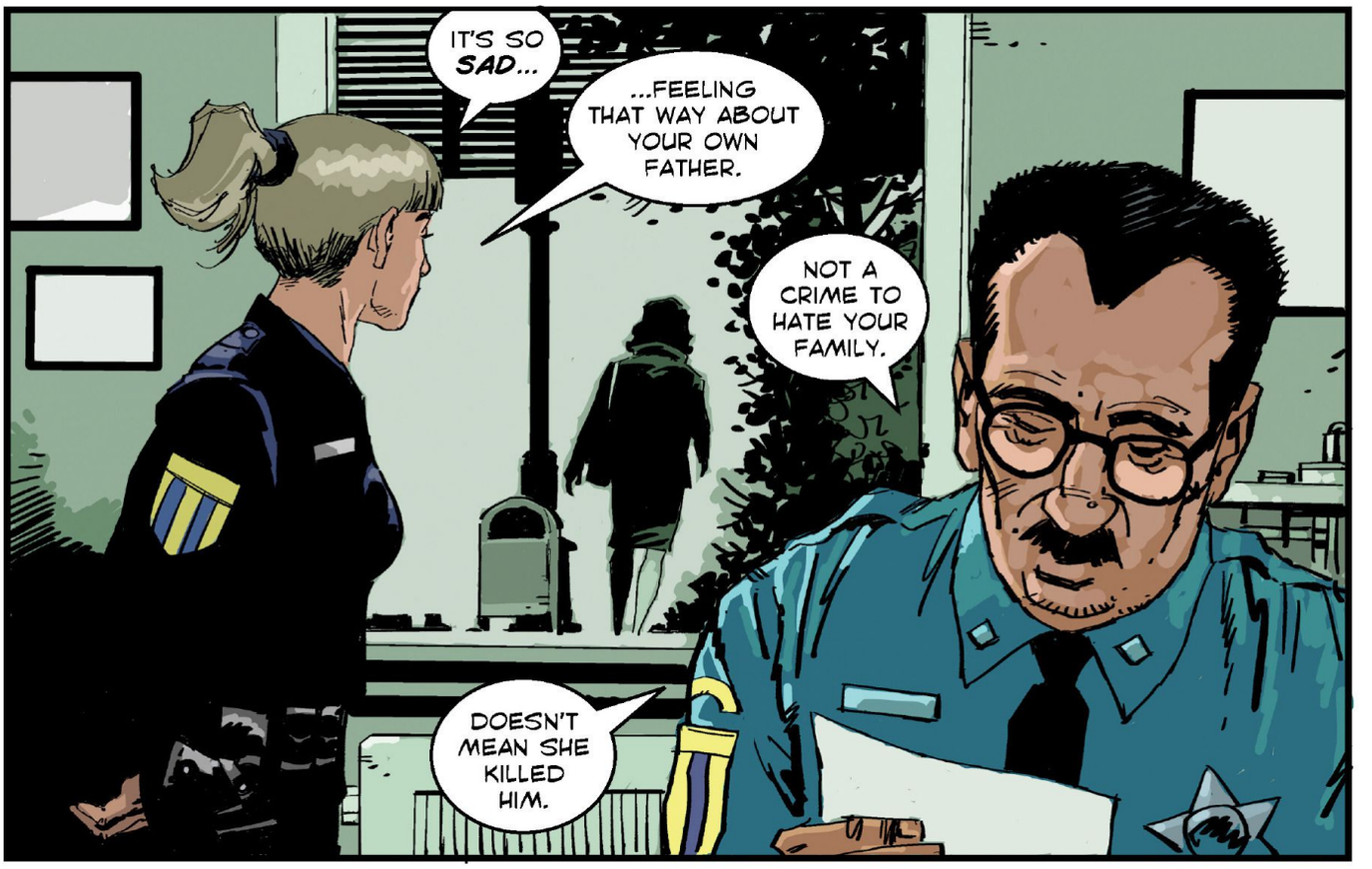
I GOT A PRIVATE DETECTIVE TO DO SOME DIGGING FOR ME.
AND I DISCOVERED THE NAME OF JOE'S DAUGHTER.
WELL?
DON'T BE A TEASE ABOUT IT-- SPIT IT OUT.
RENEE.
WAIT...
...YOU THINK THE POTTERY WOMAN WAS HIS DAUGHTER?
JUST BECAUSE SHE HAS THE SAME FIRST NAME?
HARRY, IT'S COMMON ENOUGH.
STILL KIND OF A COINCIDENCE, DON'T YOU THINK?

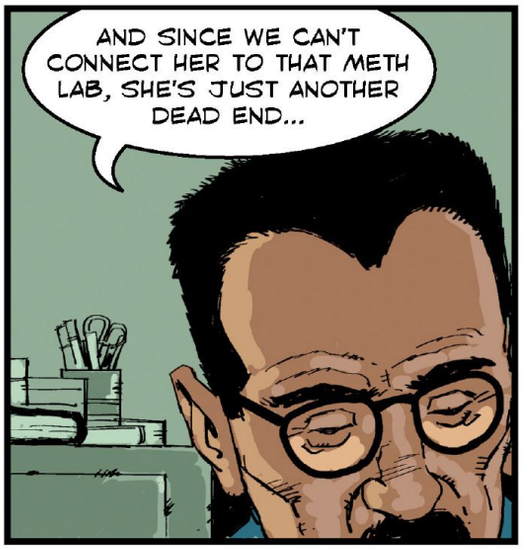
PERHAPS, BUT...HARRY, YOU KNOW THAT NINETY PERCENT OF THE TIME A COINCIDENCE IS SIMPLY THAT...
...A COINCIDENCE.
THERE'S ALWAYS THE OTHER TEN PERCENT.
BESIDES, THE POTTERY WOMAN POINTED THE OLD MAN OUT TO ME...
...AND SHE DIDN'T ACT LIKE SHE KNEW HIM.
SHE JUST WANTED TO GET RID OF HIM, AND...
...MAYBE, JUST MAYBE... YOU HAVE A POINT.
THANKS, BERT.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. I'M GOING TO TELL MIKE.

SO HE WAS MY FATHER.
SO WHAT?
SO YOU CHANGED YOUR NAME.
I WAS MARRIED ONCE.
IT DIDN'T TAKE.
OKAY, SO JOSEPH MAXWELL WAS YOUR FATHER, BUT YOU DIDN'T ATTEND HIS FUNERAL...
...YOU KNEW HE WAS DEAD, RIGHT?
YES, I KNEW.
YET YOU DIDN'T FEEL INCLINED TO COME FORWARD AND IDENTIFY THE BODY FOR US...
...OR EVEN TELL US THAT YOU KNEW THE MAN.
NO.
YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? I WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH HIM.


LOOK, THAT MAN RUINED MY LIFE.
BECAUSE OF HIM WE BECAME POOR OVERNIGHT...
I HAD TO LEAVE MY NICE SCHOOL AND GO TO...
"...WELL, IT WAS A ZOO, THAT'S WHAT IT WAS. THE BOYS THERE WERE JUST ANIMALS."
SOMEHOW I STILL MANAGED TO GET TO COLLEGE, MADE THE BEST OF MYSELF...
...STARTED MAKING POTTERY, DISCOVERED I WAS GOOD AT IT, SET UP MY OWN BUSINESS, AND HAD THE BEGINNINGS OF A DECENT LIFE FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I WAS A KID.
"...AND THEN ONE DAY HE TURNED UP ON MY DOORSTEP, MOOCHING AND CRYING...SHAMING ME IN FRONT OF MY NEIGHBORS...
"...DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A WORTHLESS, DRUNKEN BUM FOR A FATHER?"

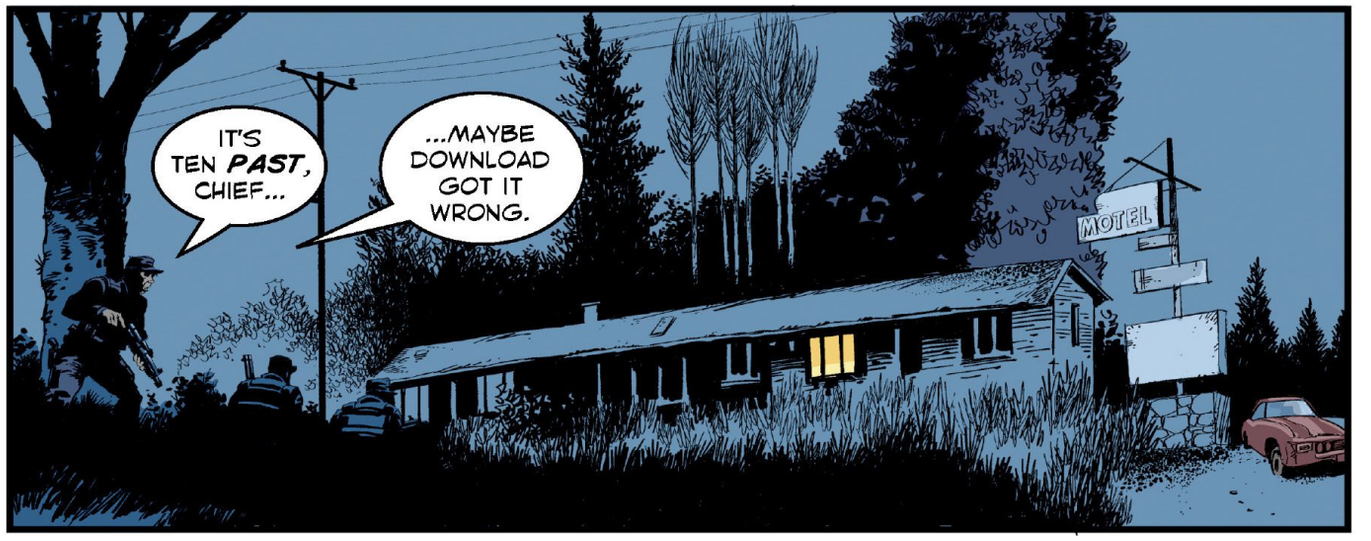
I GAVE HIM SOME MONEY TO GET RID OF HIM, BUT HE WAS BACK AGAIN TWO MONTHS LATER, AND THEN BACK AGAIN...
...HE MADE MY LIFE A LIVING HELL, SO I MOVED TO A NEW HOUSE, MOVED TO A NEW TOWN...
...DID IT SEVERAL TIMES, BUT EVENTUALLY HE'D ALWAYS FIND ME, AND I'D HAVE TO GIVE HIM ANOTHER HANDOUT TO MAKE HIM GO AWAY AGAIN.
IT DIDN'T HELP MY MARRIAGE ANY.
WHY SHOULDN'T I HAVE A LIFE?
WHY SHOULDN'T I HAVE NICE THINGS AND A HUSBAND?
SO THIS TIME, THE MINUTE I SPOTTED HIM I JUST TOLD THE MAYOR TO RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN.
NEXT THING I HEARD, HE WAS DEAD... AND I WAS GLAD.
GLAD AND RELIEVED, THAT'S ALL I FELT.
CAN I GO NOW?


IT'S SO SAD...
...FEELING THAT WAY ABOUT YOUR OWN FATHER.
NOT A CRIME TO HATE YOUR FAMILY.
DOESN'T MEAN SHE KILLED HIM.

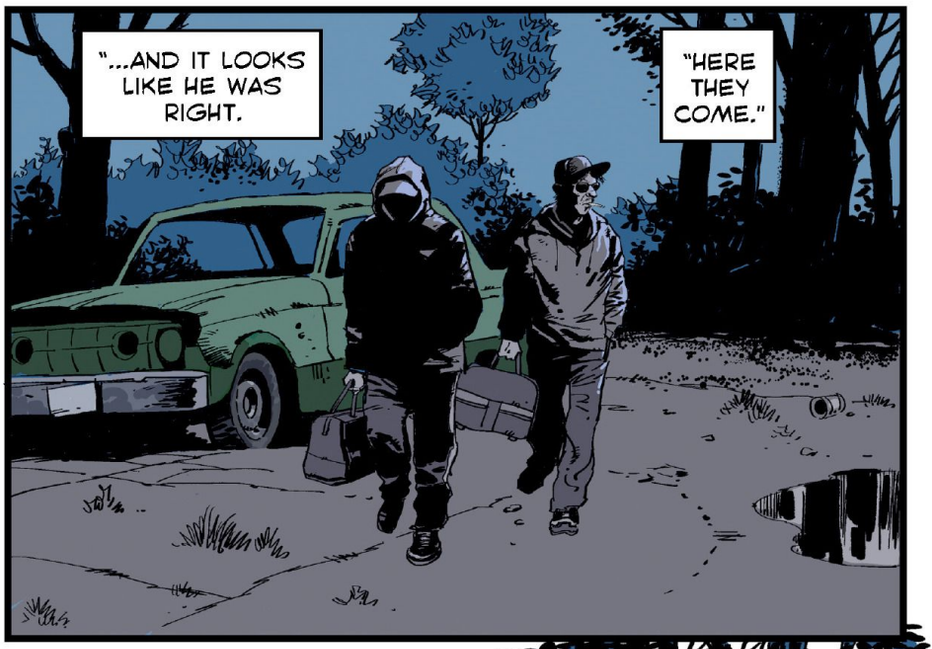

AND SINCE WE CAN'T CONNECT HER TO THAT METH LAB, SHE'S JUST ANOTHER DEAD END...

...AND THIS DAMN CASE IS STILL GOING NOWHERE.
Breep
Breep

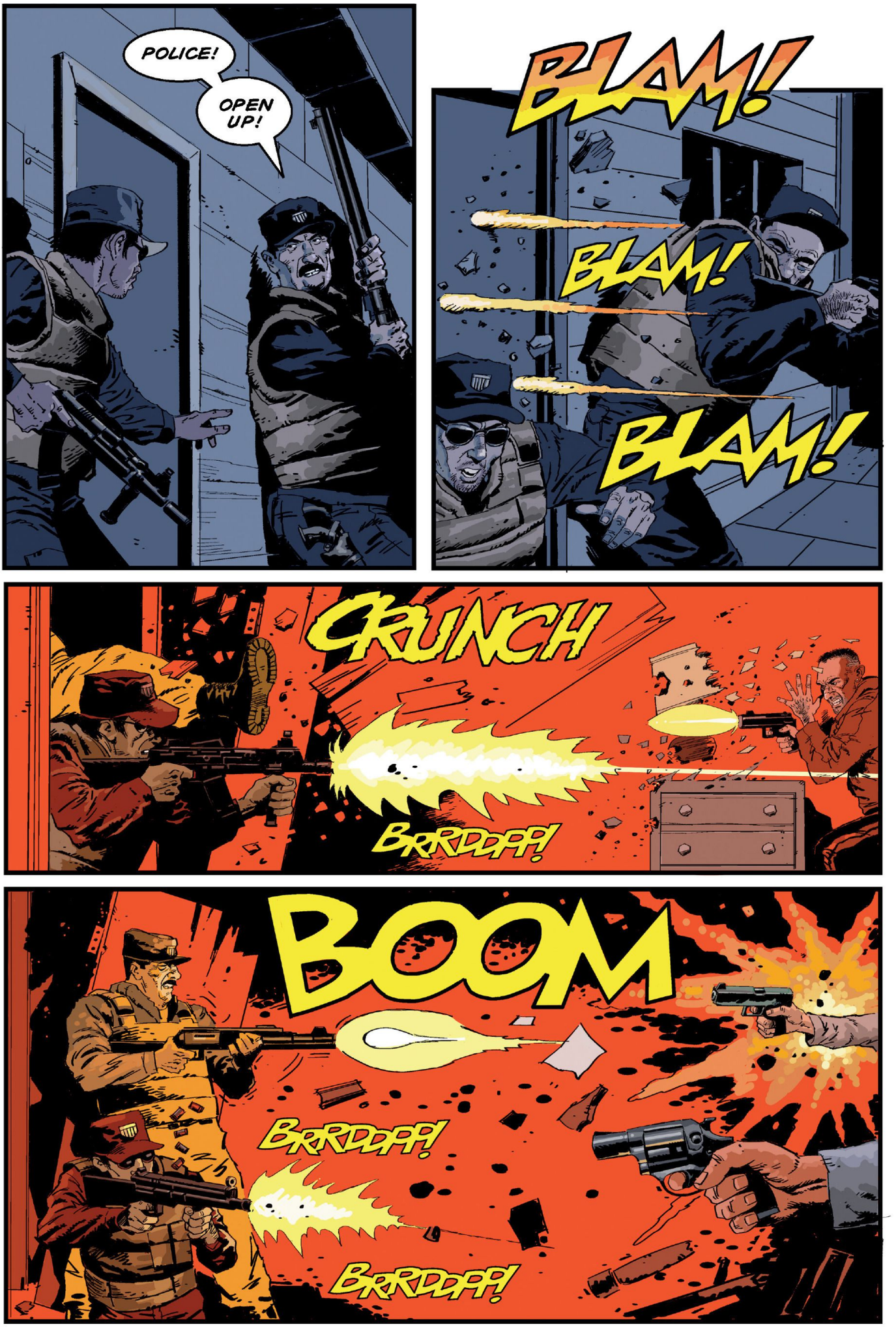
CHIEF...
...IT'S DOWNLOAD. SAYS HE'S GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU...


IT'S TEN PAST, CHIEF...
...MAYBE DOWNLOAD GOT IT WRONG.
MOTEL

HE SEEMED PRETTY SURE HIS TIP WAS SOLID...


"...AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE WAS RIGHT.
"HERE THEY COME."

OKAY, LET'S GIVE 'EM A MINUTE TO GET COZY, THEN HEAD ON IN.
BRAD, YOU COVER THE BACK.
GOT IT.


POLICE!
OPEN UP!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
CRUNCH
BRRDDAP!
BOOM
BRRDDAP!
BRRDDAP!

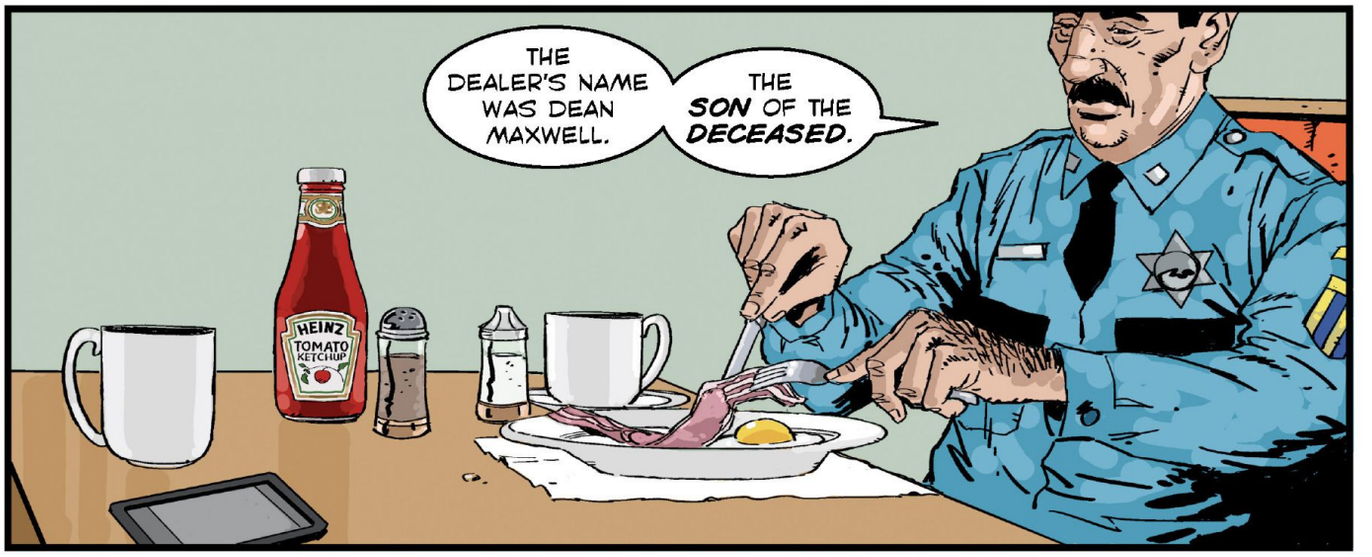
Ba-DOOM!
AAAHHHH

UNNHHH
CRUNJH.
DROP IT.
AGGG.
YOU PLANNING ON GOING SOME PLACE?
THANKS FOR THE GUN ...AND THE CASH.

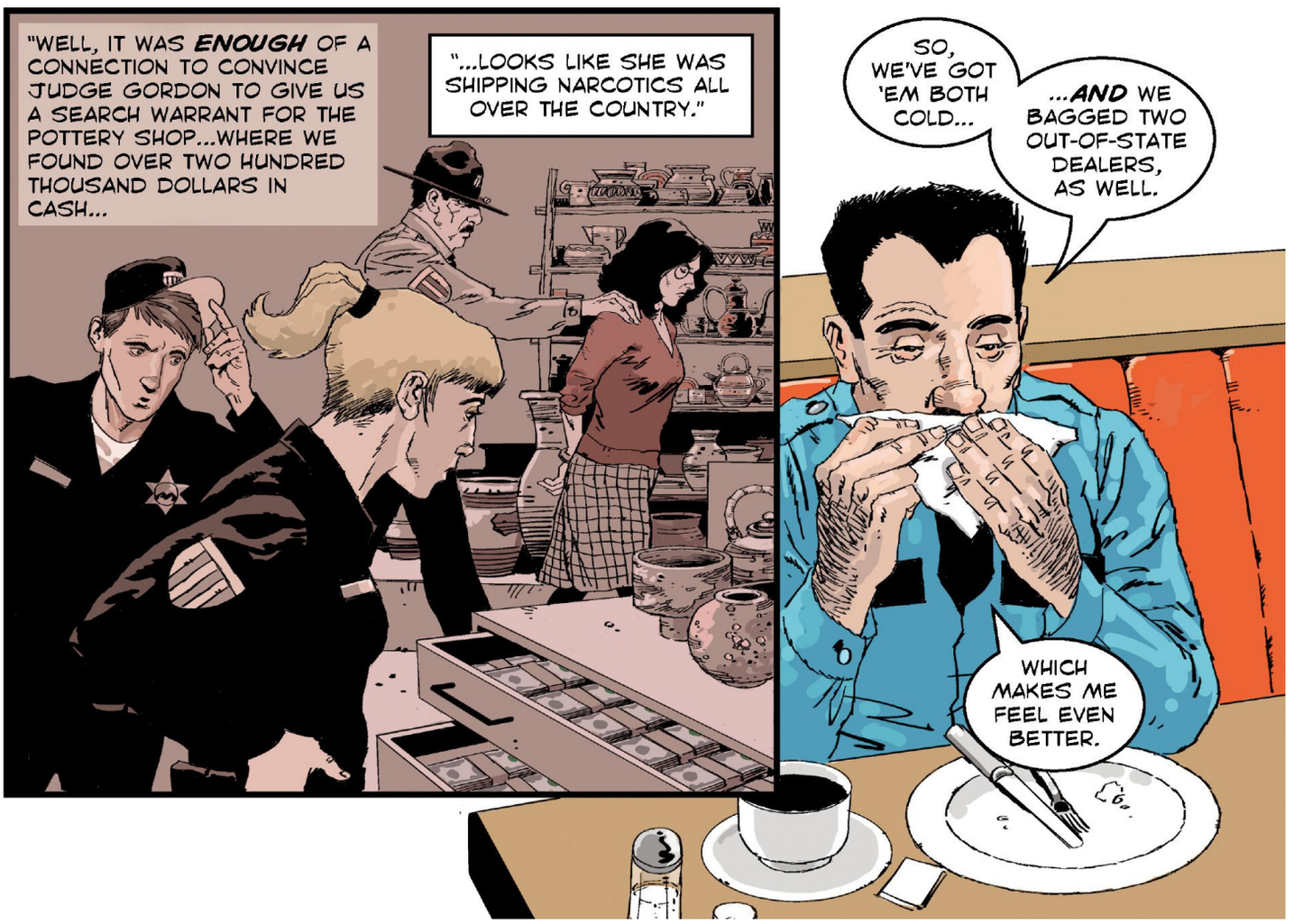
EEEURRRGH EEE...
OH, STOP WHINING--WE'LL GET YOU TO A DOCTOR SOON AS WE CAN.
DELBERT, YOU DO THE MIRANDA ON THESE TWO WHILE I CHECK ON BRAD.

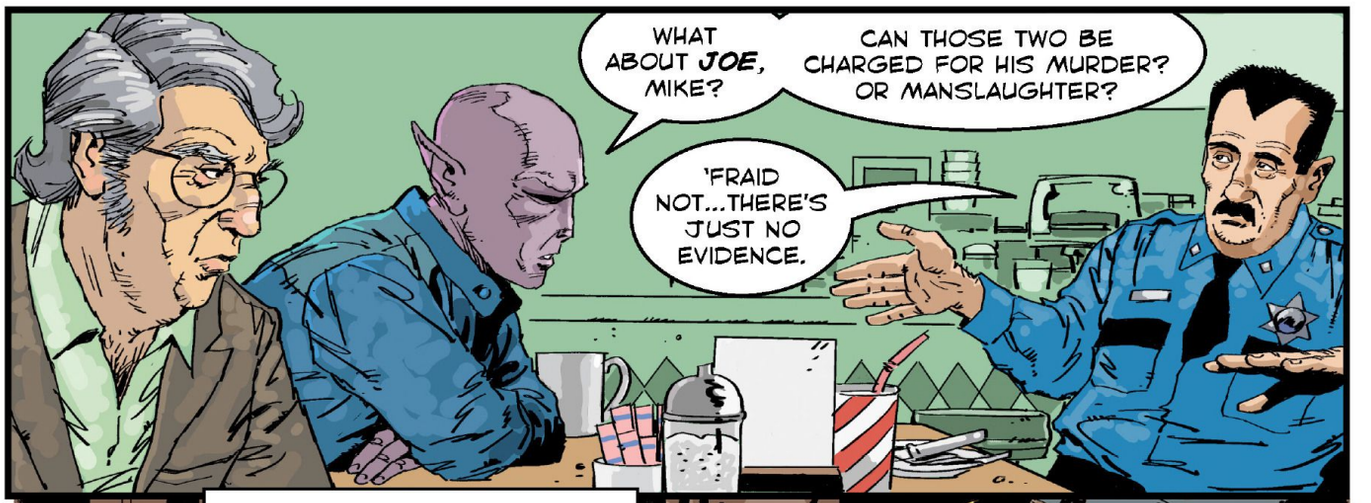
DELIVERY FOR YOU, CHIEF...
...ONE BIG BAG OF CASH AND ONE IDIOT.

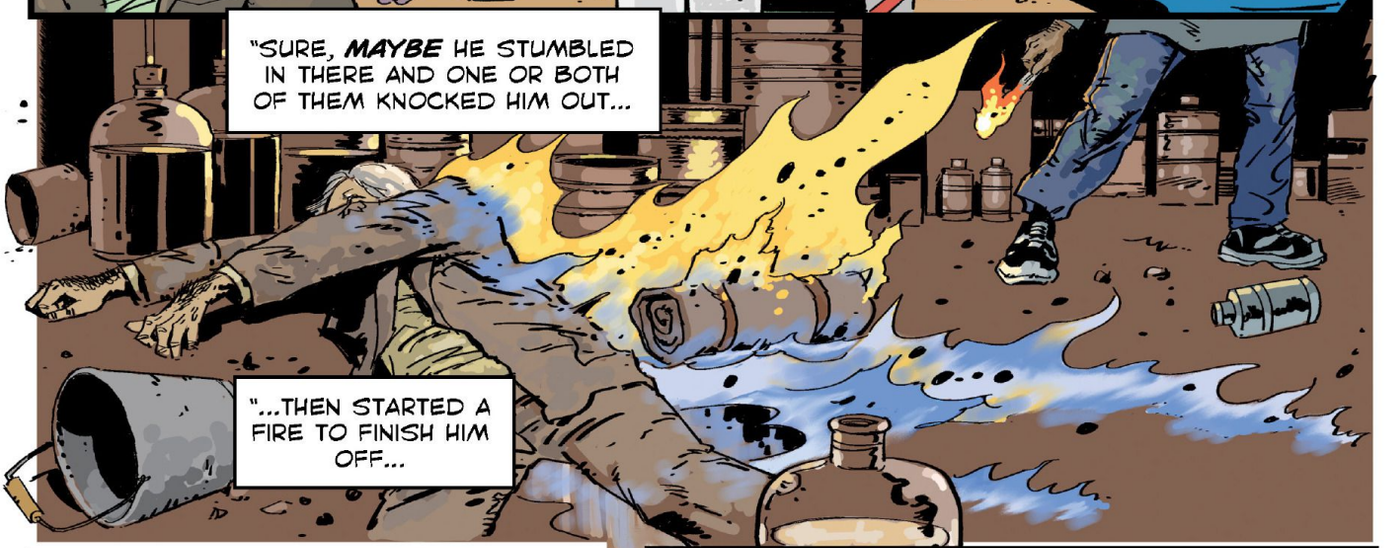
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT...
YEAH...
...FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO YOU.


THE DEALER'S NAME WAS DEAN MAXWELL.
THE SON OF THE DECEASED.
HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

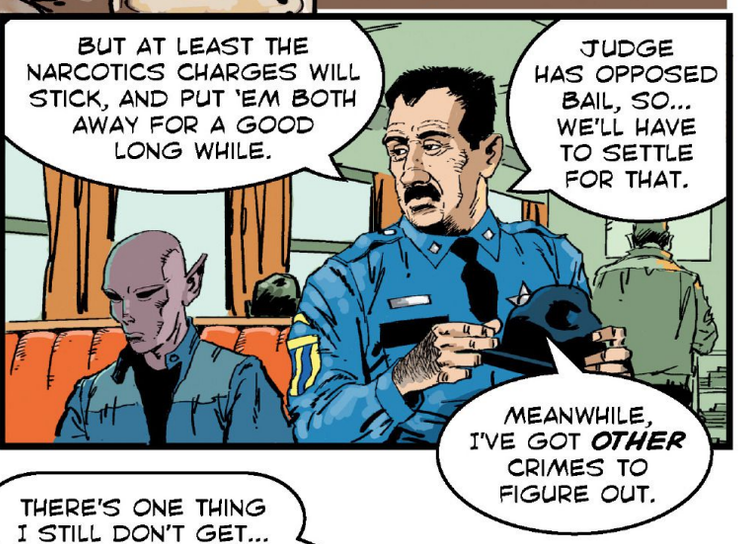
WHICH WOULD ALSO MAKE HIM...
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT COINCIDENCE?
RENEE'S BROTHER.


"WELL, IT WAS ENOUGH OF A CONNECTION TO CONVINCE JUDGE GORDON TO GIVE US A SEARCH WARRANT FOR THE POTTERY SHOP...WHERE WE FOUND OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH...
"...LOOKS LIKE SHE WAS SHIPPING NARCOTICS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY."
SO, WE'VE GOT 'EM BOTH COLD...
...AND WE BAGGED TWO OUT-OF-STATE DEALERS, AS WELL.
WHICH MAKES ME FEEL EVEN BETTER.


WHAT ABOUT JOE, MIKE?
CAN THOSE TWO BE CHARGED FOR HIS MURDER? OR MANSLAUGHTER?
'FRAID NOT...THERE'S JUST NO EVIDENCE.


"SURE, MAYBE HE STUMBLED IN THERE AND ONE OR BOTH OF THEM KNOCKED HIM OUT...
"...THEN STARTED A FIRE TO FINISH HIM OFF...

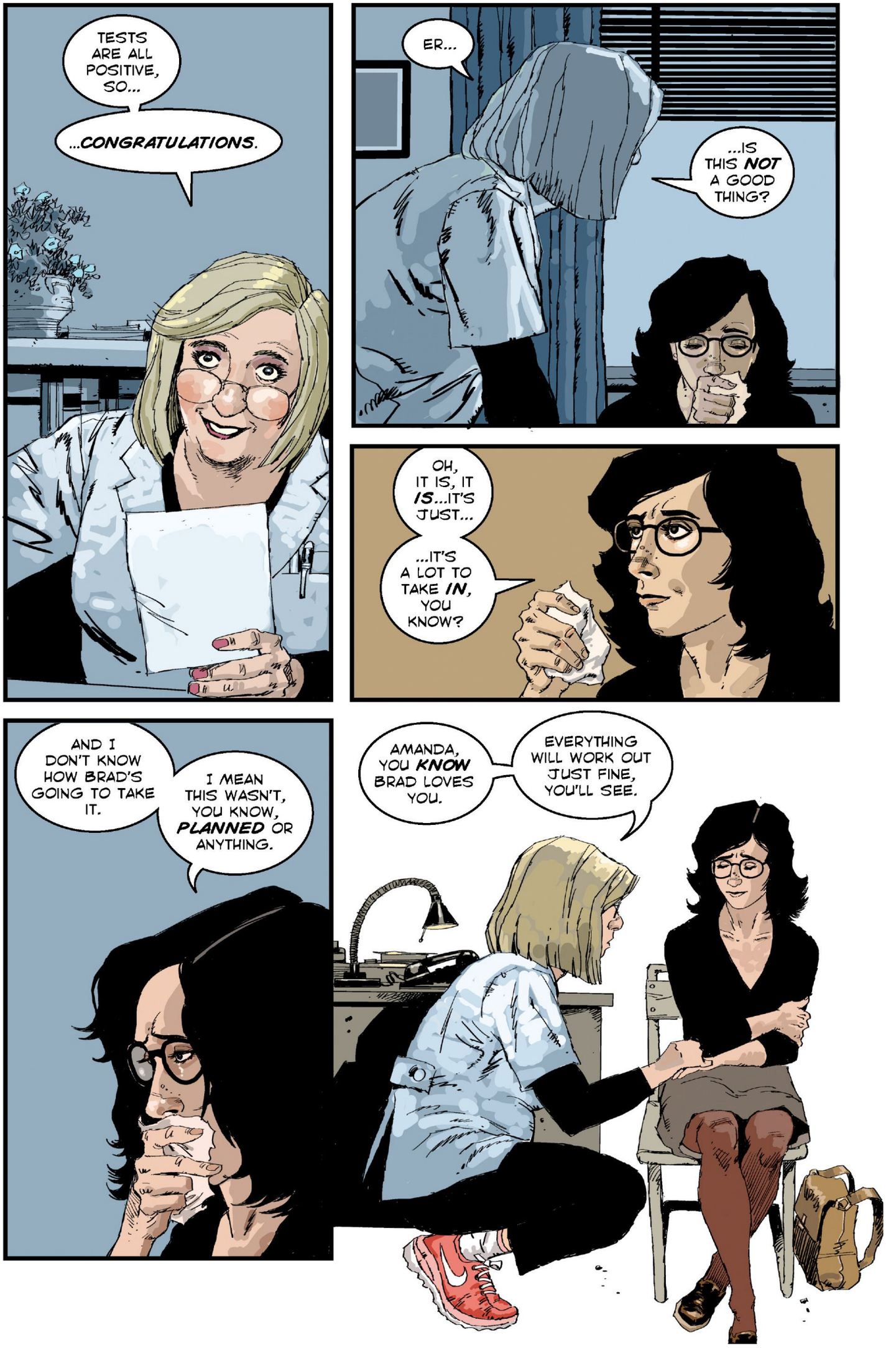
"...OR MAYBE HE WAS JUST POKING AROUND IN THERE AND ACCIDENTALLY STARTED A FIRE...
"...WE'LL NEVER KNOW."

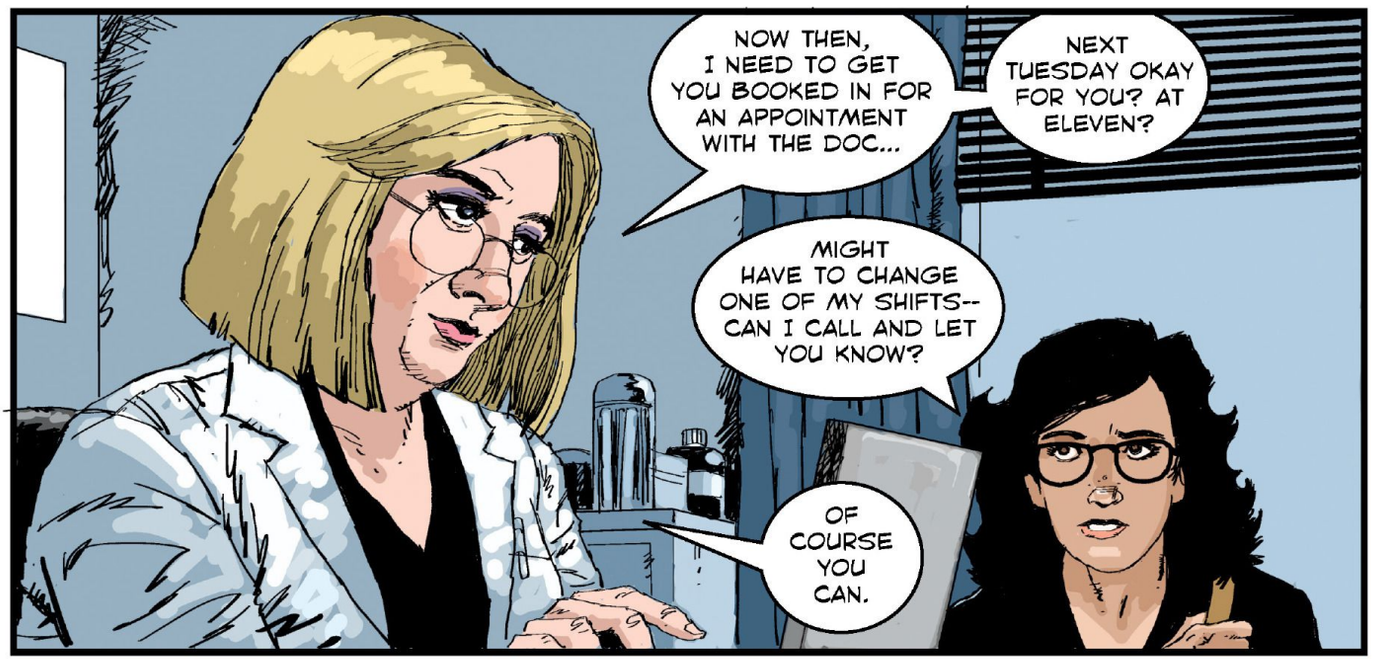

BUT AT LEAST THE NARCOTICS CHARGES WILL STICK, AND PUT 'EM BOTH AWAY FOR A GOOD LONG WHILE.
JUDGE HAS OPPOSED BAIL, SO... WE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THAT.
MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT OTHER CRIMES TO FIGURE OUT.

THERE'S ONE THING I STILL DON'T GET...
...WHATEVER POSSESSED THEM TO SET UP A METH LAB IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN? ARE THEY STUPID?

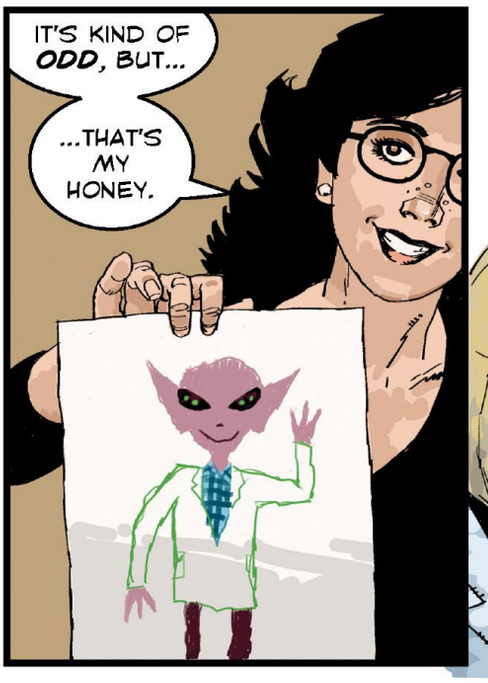
YUP.
SEE, CRIMINALS MOSTLY THINK THEY'RE SMARTER THAN THE REST OF US...
...AND MOSTLY, THE OPPOSITE IS TRUE.
WHICH IS WHY MY JAIL IS FULL.
SEE YOU BOYS LATER.
HOWDY, MISTER MAYOR.
LADIES... NICE TO SEE YOU BOTH LOOKING SO CHEERFUL.
WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN US?
YES, PLEASE. WE'RE HERE TO CELEBRATE.
WITH CAKE, YOU UNDERSTAND.
ALICE HAS JUST SIGNED A LEASE ON RENEE'S SHOP.
HER OLD SHOP I SHOULD SAY... ALL THIS DRAMA TAKES SOME GETTING USED TO, DOESN'T IT?
I GOT A GOOD DEAL ON IT, TOO.
MOVE IN TOMORROW.

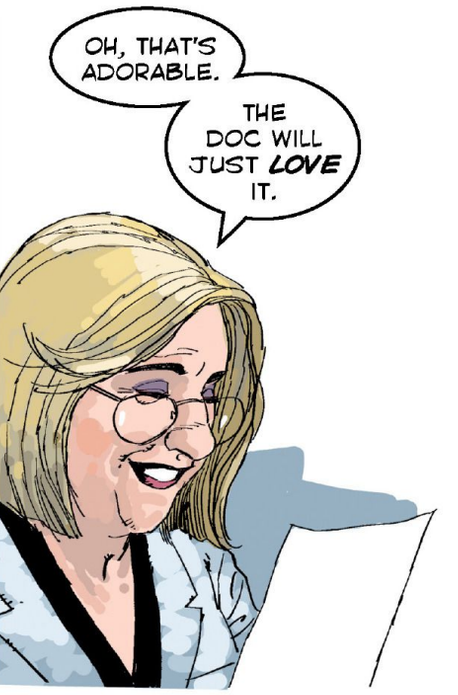
WHAT HAPPENED TO EVERYTHING THAT WAS IN THERE?
DID SHE MOVE IT ALL OUT?
IMPOUNDED.
THE D.E.A. TOOK IT ALL AWAY YESTERDAY.
SO, THOSE TERRIBLE PEOPLE ARE ALL LOCKED UP, THINGS ARE NORMAL AGAIN...
...AND ALICE IS ALL SET UP FOR A NEW BEGINNING.
NOW ALL WE NEED IS TO FIND OURSELVES A COUPLE OF MEN WHO ARE SOLVENT AND STRAIGHT.
MARTHA!
SORRY, LADIES...
...WE'RE BOTH MARRIED TO OUR WORK.
YES, VERY TRUE.

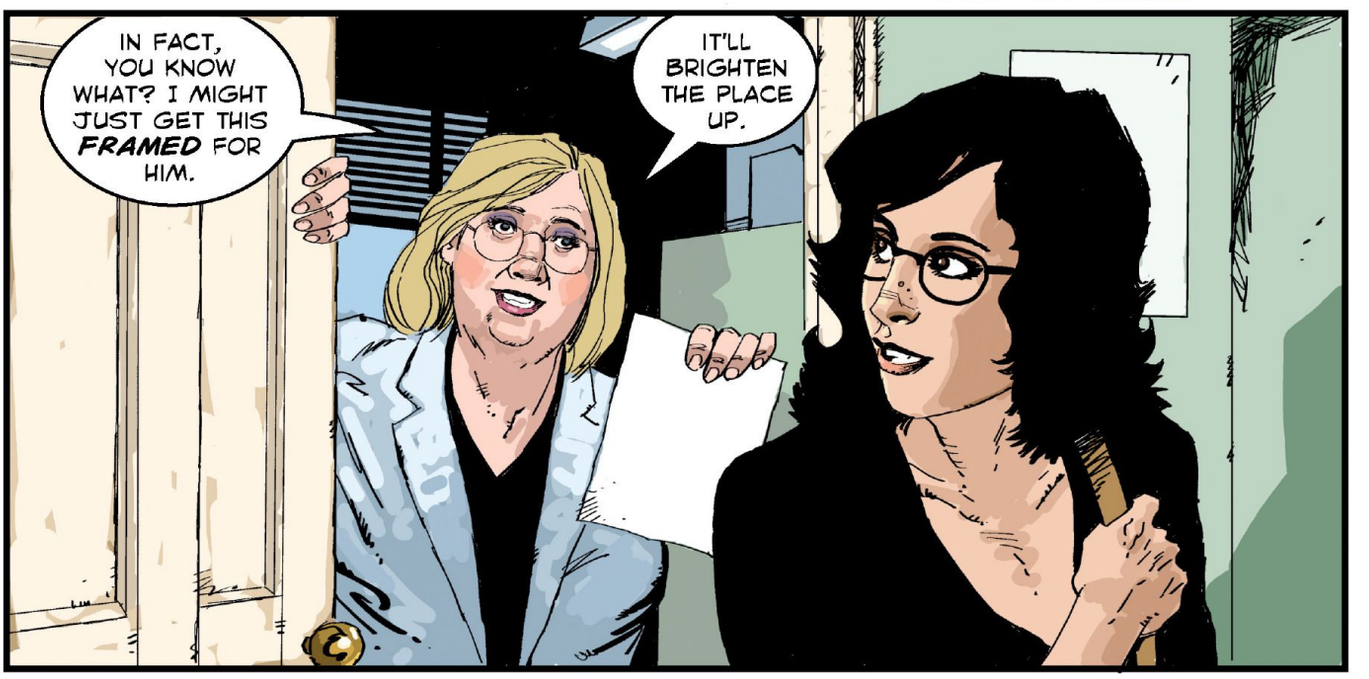

TESTS ARE ALL POSITIVE, SO...
...CONGRATULATIONS.
ER...
...IS THIS NOT A GOOD THING?
OH, IT IS, IT IS...IT'S JUST...
...IT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN, YOU KNOW?
AND I DON'T KNOW HOW BRAD'S GOING TO TAKE IT.
I MEAN THIS WASN'T, YOU KNOW, PLANNED OR ANYTHING.
AMANDA, YOU KNOW BRAD LOVES YOU.
EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT JUST FINE, YOU'LL SEE.


NOW THEN, I NEED TO GET YOU BOOKED IN FOR AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE DOC...
NEXT TUESDAY OKAY FOR YOU? AT ELEVEN?
MIGHT HAVE TO CHANGE ONE OF MY SHIFTS-- CAN I CALL AND LET YOU KNOW?
OF COURSE YOU CAN.

ANYWAY, THAT REMINDS ME... I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR THE DOC.
HONEY DID A DRAWING OF HIM AND SHE WANTS HIM TO HAVE IT.


IT'S KIND OF ODD, BUT...
...THAT'S MY HONEY.


OH, THAT'S ADORABLE.
THE DOC WILL JUST LOVE IT.


IN FACT, YOU KNOW WHAT? I MIGHT JUST GET THIS FRAMED FOR HIM.
IT'LL BRIGHTEN THE PLACE UP.

HUMANITY NEVER CEASES TO FASCINATE ME.
TO PUZZLE ME, I SHOULD SAY.
YOU TALKING ABOUT THE DRUG DEALERS?
YES, BECAUSE I DON'T UNDER-STAND...
DID THEY THINK THE MONEY WOULD MAKE THEIR LIVES BETTER? EVEN THOUGH THEY DID DREADFUL THINGS TO EARN IT?
AND DID THEY KILL THEIR OWN FATHER?
AND IF THEY DID, WAS IT BECAUSE HE LET THEM DOWN, OR BECAUSE HE DISCOVERED THEIR SECRET?
A WHOLE BUNCH OF QUESTIONS WITH NO ANSWERS. THAT'S PEOPLE FOR YOU.
YOU'LL ALWAYS GET A FEW BAD ONES, BUT MOST OF 'EM ARE GOOD.
IT'S A GOOD TOWN, AS TOWNS GO.
YES. YES, IT IS.
THEN...
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE, DAN.
AFTER ALL...
...WHERE WOULD I GO?
TO BE CONTINUED IN RESIDENT ALIEN VOLUME FIVE: AN ALIEN IN NEW YORK.

AFTERWORD

I've been reading science fiction since about the age of ten. I'm old school. Even the school I went to was an old school, by which I mean a towering Victorian edifice with turrets and gables and winding staircases, surrounded by high walls surmounted by iron railings, like the bars of a cage.

I supplemented my school curriculum with fiction of all kinds, borrowed from libraries mostly. But it was science fiction that really fired me up. I was raised on the stories of Arthur C. Clarke, Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, et al. As diverse as they were, those stories transported me from a dreary postwar Britain to a world of infinite possibilities. I adopted those writers as virtual surrogate parents. They taught me that human potential was unlimited—but at this moment in history, humanity was still in its childhood. One of Arthur C. Clarke's major tenets was that Earth is a nursery planet, a sequestered place where a budding human race could evolve under the watchful eye of its mentors and guardians.

In Britain we have an expression taken from school days and applied to the childish political antics that our society is prone to: we call it "playground politics."

If any further proof were needed that humanity is still in its infancy, you only have to consider the ongoing political chaos around the world. The bickering, the squabbling, the sectarian violence, and the refusal to accept responsibility for past transgressions...This is a legacy from our past. The conflict and backbiting have always been with us, but now they're being broadcast on a massive scale.

Not "Who dares, wins," but "Whoever shouts loudest wins."

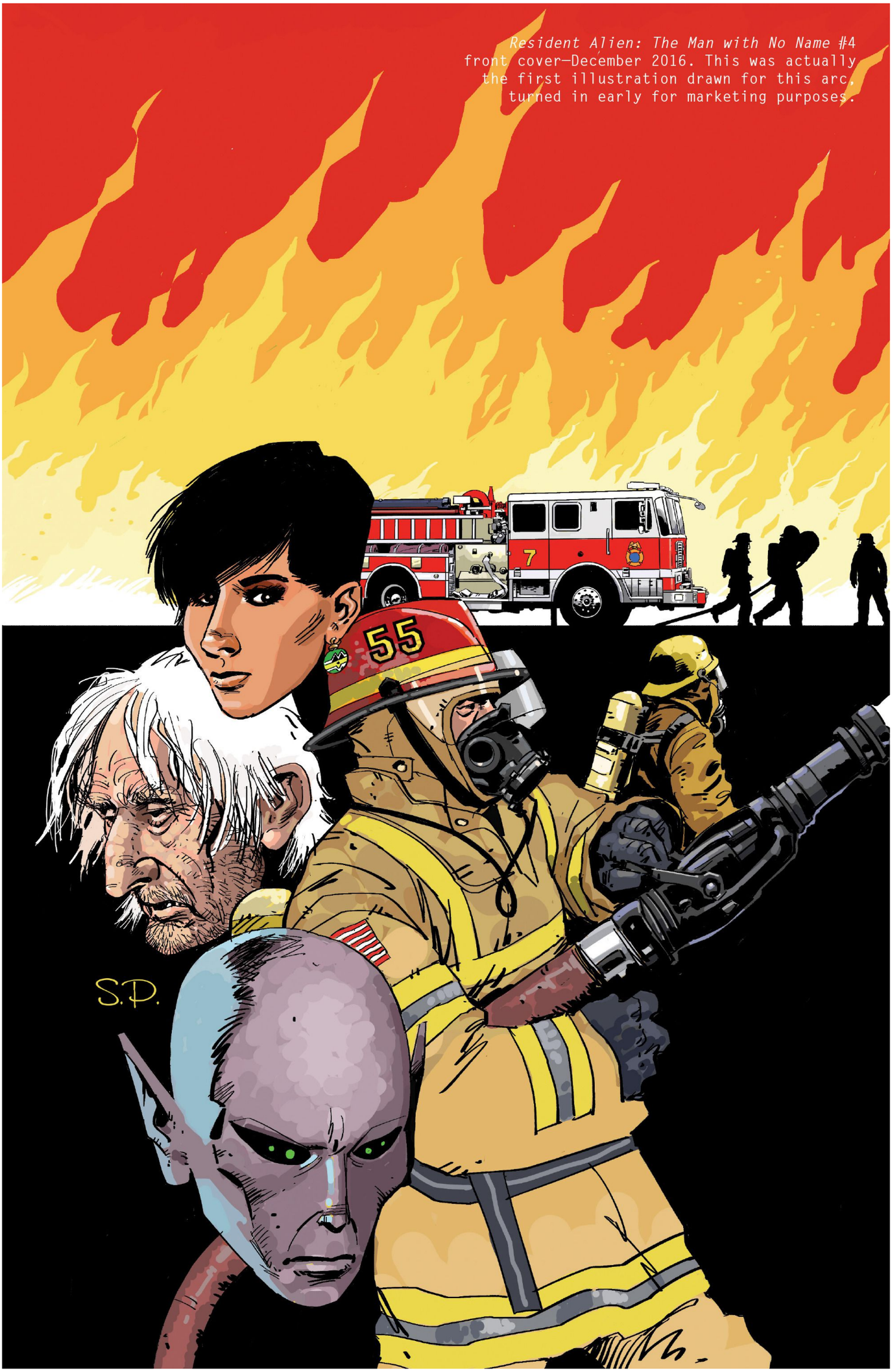
For some, these are exciting times. If you believe, as I do, that our planet is balanced on the edge of a monumental transition, it may seem that we are leaving childhood and entering the even more challenging phase of adolescence. Like children in the schoolyard, we're looking through the bars of the cage, wondering what life on the outside is like. We're wondering if we'll ever accept our responsibilities as fully formed adults and finally take our place in the so-much-bigger community that is waiting to receive us.

—STEVE PARKHOUSE
LOOKING THROUGH THE BARS, 2016

Resident Alien: The Man with No Name #3 front cover—November 2016. Steve Parkhouse's cover for this collection was also used as the cover for *Resident Alien: The Man with No Name* #1. Steve's cover for issue #2 is seen on page 2 of this collection.

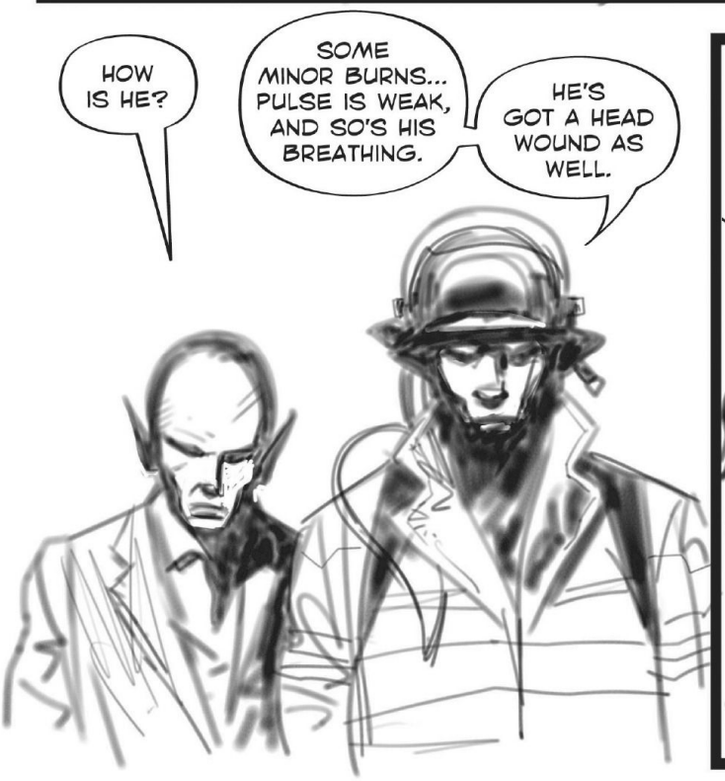
An alternate cover sketch for *Resident Alien: The Man with No Name* #3.

Another unused cover idea for *Resident Alien: The Man with No Name #3*.

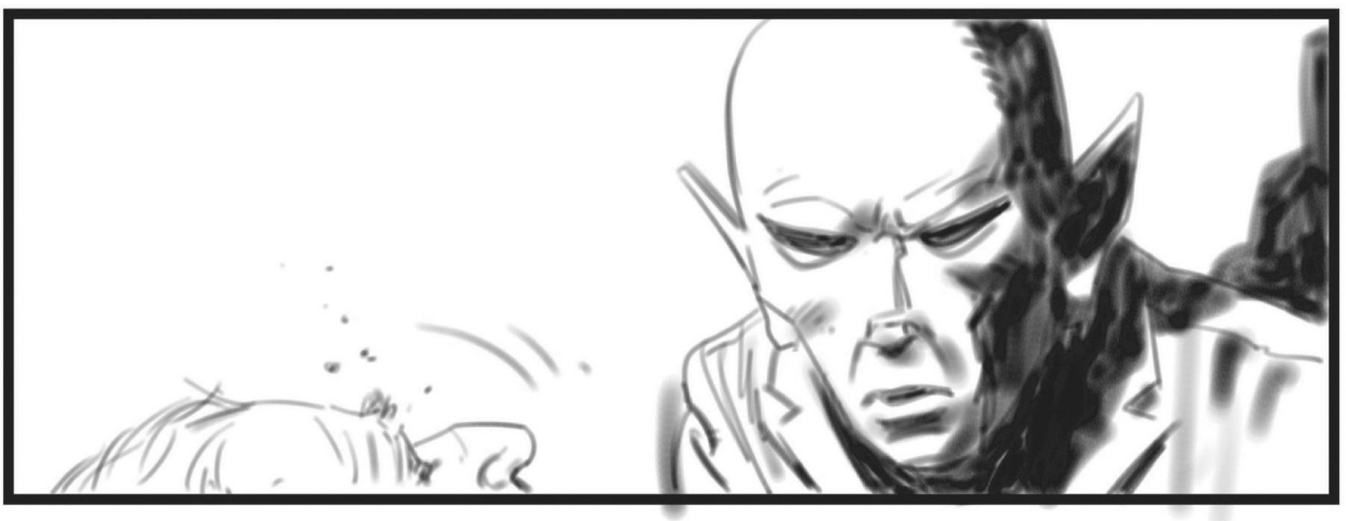


Resident Alien: The Man with No Name #4 front cover—December 2016. This was actually the first illustration drawn for this arc, turned in early for marketing purposes.

Steve's lettered pencils for *Resident Alien: The Man with No Name #2*, page 3.



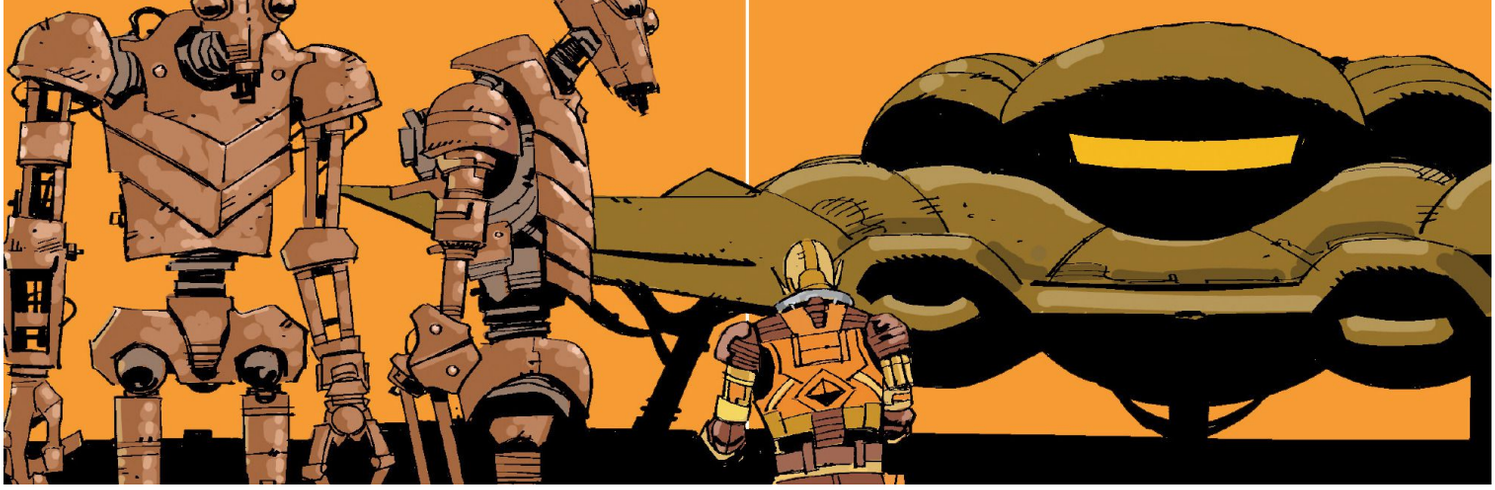
Steve's lettered pencils for *Resident Alien: The Man with No Name #2*, page 4.



DR. HARRY VANDERSPEIGLE, A SMART, GIFTED, AND *STRANDED* ALIEN EXPLORER hiding in plain sight, has been posing as a doctor and solving crimes in the small town of Patience, Washington. After Harry accidentally reveals himself to investigators who are on his trail, a stubborn federal agent arrives in town to heat things up! With a little help from the local shaman, Harry and nurse Asta finally realize the danger they're both in, but some of their allies could help them avoid detection as another murder mystery rocks their town.

Peter Hogan (*2000 AD*, *Tom Strong*) and Steve Parkhouse (*Milkman Murders*, *Doctor Who*) continue their unique, acclaimed science-fiction/murder-mystery series that Alan Moore calls "a pitch-perfect narrative from two of my favourite creators."

"A FANTASTIC READ... What's very impressive is how human all of these stories are—and when you consider the lead is an alien, well, it's even more impressive that they manage to keep that feel while still making him a stranger in a strange land. Yet another impressive story from the creative team."
—Comic Bastards

"HOGAN'S TAKE ON A RESIDENT ALIEN IS ONE THAT BLENDS LEVITY WITH GRAVITAS through Harry's existence amongst humanity... Hogan writes the character and universe with an attention to the details that makes an alien living among us believable. Parkhouse's illustrations are a great fit for the story and further the idea that Harry can successfully blend in."
—Omnicomic

COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS // SCIENCE FICTION // MYSTERY